SEPTEMBER 1928

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INDIA

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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India Monthly Magazine
Number Three September 1928

THE

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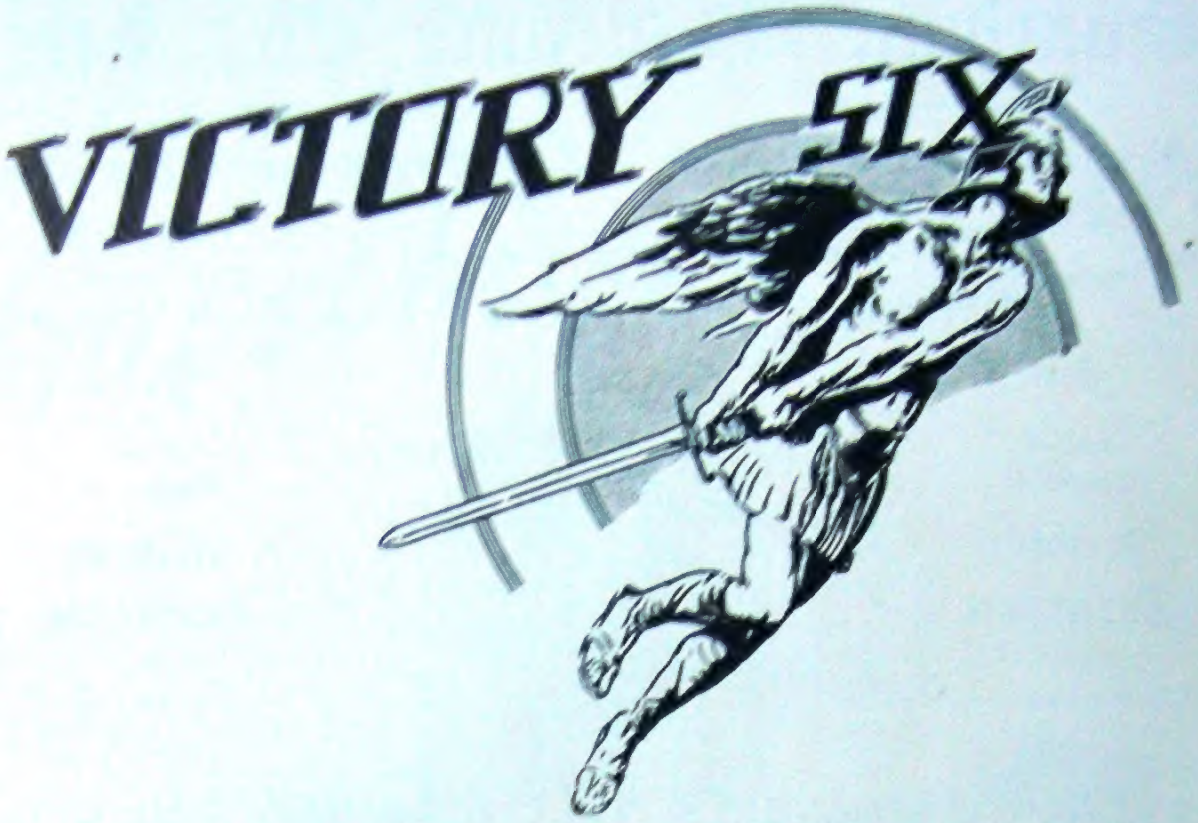

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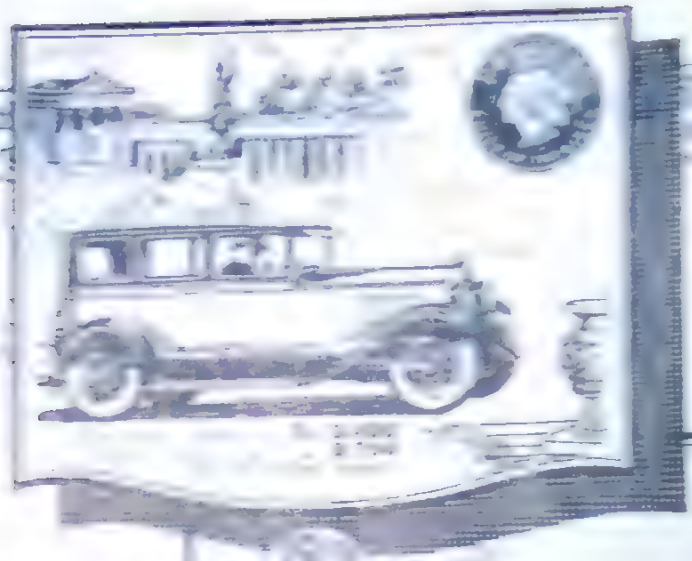

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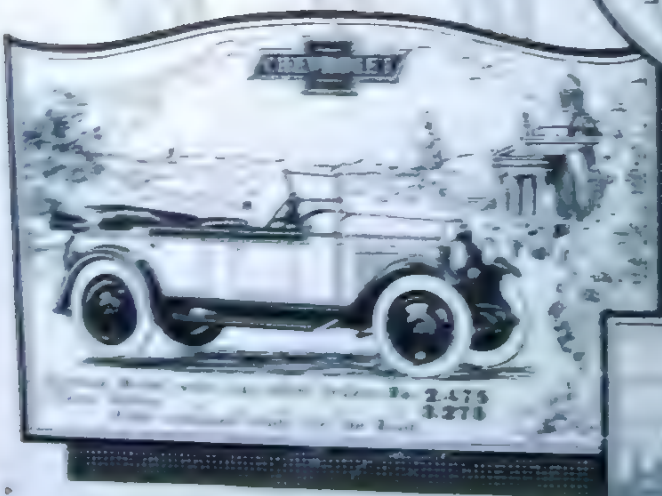

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Wedding Bells

COLERIDGE—CORBETT—On 11th July, at Stoke Poges, Francis Arthur Coleridge, I.C.S. (retd.), to Phyllis Dorothy Corbett, of Steep, Hants.

* * * *

GIBBON—AGUILAR—On 17th July, 1928, at the British Embassy Church, Paris, Herbert, third surviving son of Lt.-Col. F. W. Gibbon, V.D., T.D., J.P., and Mrs. Gibbon, of Hove, to Doris Carlo, only daughter of J. C. Aguilar, Esq., of "Canowie," Coonoor, S.I.

* * * *

HARTLEY—HOPE-SIMPSON—On 28th July, at Milverton Parish Church, by the Rev. F. J. Montgomory, Lt.-Col. John Cabourn Hartley, D.S.O., to Madge Catharine Hope-Simpson.

* * * *

HOPE-SIMPSON—GONNER—On 31st July, 1928, at Holy Trinity Church, Penn, by the Rev. E. A. Smith, Ian, son of Sir John and Lady Hope-Simpson, of Dolguog, Machynlleth, to Sheila, daughter of the late Sir Edward Gonner, K.B.E., and of Lady Gonner, of Penbury Cottage, Penn.

* * * *

HUNTER—ATKINS—On 10th July, 1928, at Eversley Church, Hants., Archibald Valentine, eldest son of Brig.-General G. G. Hunter, of Hall's Farm, Hants., and Mrs. Hunter, to Barbara DeCourcy, only child of J. DeCourcy Atkins, I.C.S. (retd.), of 16, St. James' Square, S.W., and Mrs. Atkins.

* * * *

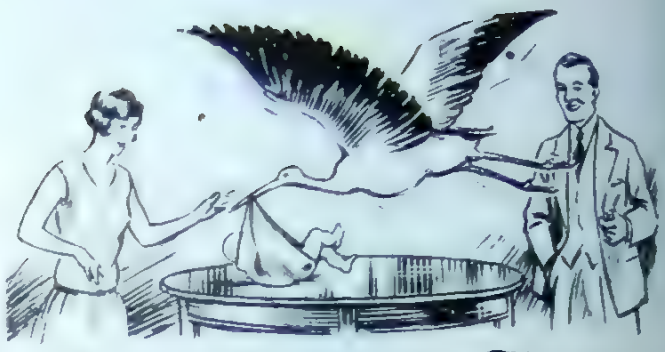
JONES—TARGETT—On 27th July, at the Chapel of the Savoy, Lieut.-Colonel C. V. Jones, C.B.E., to Olive Louise Targett.

* * * *

KEMBALL—GRAY—On 7th July, 1928, at Philadelphia, U.S.A., Christopher Gurdon, only child of Lt.-Col. C. A. Kemball, C.I.E., and Mrs. Kemball, Denton Lodge, Harleston, Norfolk, to Norma Sinnickson, daughter of the late Norman Gray, Counsellor-at-Law, and Mrs. Gray, of Philadelphia.

* * * *

KITCAT—SELLORS—On 26th July, at St. Leonard's Church, Streatham, Cecil de Winton, only son of Capt. Kitcat, R.N., and Mrs. Kitcat, Dulwich, to Mary Cameron, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Sellors, of Westcliffe-on-Sea.



Welcome to our World

ALEXANDER—On 11th August, at Thandiani, to Nancy, wife of Capt. L. A. Alexander, 5th Royal Gurkhas F.F., a son.

* * * *

BEAUMAN—On 26th July, at Farnborough, to Dorothy, wife of Lt.-Col. A. B. Beauman, 1st Bn. The York and Lancaster Regt., Bordon, a son.

* * * *

CAMPBELL—At Dunga Gali, N.-W.F.P., to Nancy, wife of Capt. W. F. Campbell, Political Department, a daughter.

* * * *

DAVIES—On the 15th August, at Rajkot, to Malvena, wife of G. J. Davies, of the Imperial Bank of India, a daughter.

* * * *

GUY—On 12th August, at Kasauli to Olwen, wife of Capt. K. Guy, 6th Rajputana Rifles, a son.

* * * *

HOPE—On 27th August, at Putharjhora Tea Estate, Duars, to Ruby, wife of A. C. Hope, a daughter.

* * * *

LEVETT—On the 13th August, at Ranikhet, to Bertha, wife of Capt. E. Levett, Military Signals, a son.

* * * *

MILLAR—On the 9th August, at Edinburgh Nursing Home, to Nan, wife of Capt. J. S. Millar, 2nd The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), a daughter.

* * * *

MITCHELL—On 26th August, at Nagpur, to Sheila, wife of J. F. Mitchell, I.C.S., a son.

* * * *

STURGIS—On the 14th August, in London, to Edith, wife of G. C. Sturgis, Indian Police, a daughter.

* * * *

TURNER—On the 14th August, at Bombay, to Dorothy Prideaux, wife of A. E. Turner, Indian Police, a daughter.

* * * *

WALMSLEY—On 26th July, at Grace Dieu, Ipswich, to Dorothy, wife of Colonel Walmsley, D.S.O., M.C., a son.

* * * *

WATT—On the 19th July, 1928, at 5, Queen Ann Street London, to Violet, wife of Col. Langmuir Watt, C.M.G., M.D., a son.

Topical to the Tropical

A review of the doings and interests of the people of India

Snobbery on Liners

Apropos the controversy regarding Snobbery on Liners, the following anecdote may serve to satisfy either one side or the other that the views they support are the correct ones. Two gentlemen, hitherto unacquainted, had to share a cabin on the "Arankola" from Rangoon to Calcutta.

One of the pair, a gruff, self-contained person, resisted the early efforts of his cabin mate to establish a reasonably cordial *entente*. So, after the first day out, they spoke to each other not at all. While the "Arankola" was steaming up the Hooghly, the gruff, uncommunicative one broke the two days' silence. "Smoke Burma cheroots?" he inquired. His cabin mate said he didn't.

"Sure you don't?" the quondam recluse insisted. "Got a box of fifty here. Special brand. Sure you don't smoke Burmas?" The affable cabin mate was sure he didn't.

"*Then it must have been the steward. There are five missing from the box,*" was the reply.

And silence was observed again.

Life and Love

A writer in *Harper's Magazine*, finds as the result of a questionnaire that men have 6.81 love affairs per lifetime and women 6.97. This proves, women have .16 fonder and better memories.

The Sculptor: "At night I put it in my bed and I sleep under the bed."
Lady: "What for?"
Sculptor: "Ah-h! Adroit deception of mosquitoes."

Consoling

According to figures compiled by one of our motoring organisations it costs about Rupees one hundred and ten monthly to run a medium-sized car in India.

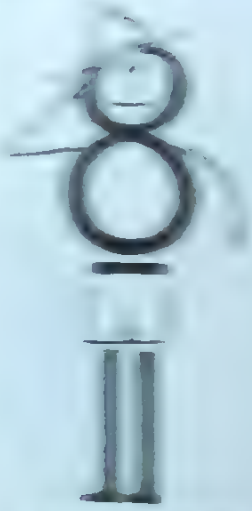
This news will give the average motorist a superior feeling that he is well above the average.

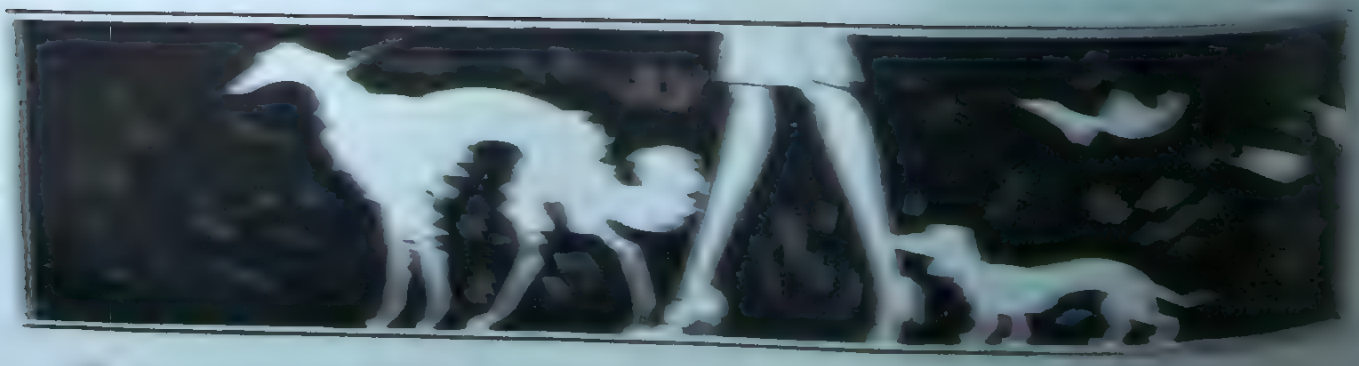
A Tennis Festival

There is probably more tennis per capita played in India amongst Europeans than anywhere else. Those who study the history of the game as well as its technique will be interested to know that one of the thirty odd *real* tennis courts in England is near the 400th anniversary of its opening. Henry VIII added it to Wolsely's palace of Hampton Court in 1528-29. Many men from this country must have played on what has in the course of time become known as the Royal Court, with the courteous and careful Alfred White to mark their games, and they will bear testimony to the lively way in which the ball comes off the old walls.

Wrong Number

It has been suggested that Calcutta should follow the example of other places in India and substitute the automatic telephone exchange for the existing system. One advantage which we see in this is being able to get the wrong number without the assistance of the operator.





Our Portrait Gallery

Lady Jackson is the wife of H. E. Sir Stanley Jackson, G.C.I.E., Governor of Bengal. She is the daughter of the late H. B. Harrison-Broadley, Esq., M.P., and left for England last month. Her absence from Government House, Calcutta, causes a very real gap in the social life of the Presidency.

BURTON-SIMPSON WEDDING AT NAINI TAL.

STANDING:—Mr. George Bradney, Miss Clifford, Mr. V. E. L. Burton (Bridegroom), C. A. H. Blunt, Esq., I.C.S., Miss Clements, and Capt. Neilson.

SEATED:—Mrs. Blunt, Mr. V. H. Burton, I.P., The Bride, Mrs. V. H. L. Burton, H. E. Sir Malcolm Hailey, and Mrs. Newham. On ground: Miss B. Mallet.

The Black Hearts

To anyone who has ever experienced in Simla the hospitality of the Grand Master and Knights of the Black Heart it will not be surprising to hear that their fancy dress revel last month was the most brilliant dance of the season. The guests, who included H. E. the Viceroy and H. E. the Commander-in-Chief and Lady Birdwood—the latter in the dress of a Polish lady of the 17th century—were received by Sir Geoffrey de Montmorency, this being the first time that a Governor of the Punjab has been a Black Heart. Lord Minto, when Viceroy, was on one occasion admitted as an honorary associate during the absence of Lady Minto in England, but was obliged to surrender the honour on her return, as no member of the distinguished fraternity may —in the words of their rule— exist in a state "of open matrimony."

Such as these are relegated to the status of "White Hearts," a distinctly inferior grade, though one of their number has had the temerity to infer that it is ever the fairest flowers that are culled from the tree.

The dresses on this last occasion were magnificent, and the effect of wheeling colour against the traditional red and black background was effective in the extreme.

The fashion of the evening favoured the frills and fluttering muslins of the early nineteenth century, and, gazing on the delicious exponents of this demure age, one was led to conjecture whether the modes of the present day would ever feature at some revel a hundred years hence, and, if so, with what success they would then be attended.

AT THE CALCUTTA MONSOON RACES

"Desmond Belle" wins the August Cup.

Mrs. Arthur.

Above:
Mrs. Fairlie and Mrs. Bagshaw.

Below:
Sir George and Lady Godfrey.

Above:
Mr. Justice Cammiade and Mr. Justice Page.

Below:
Mrs. Portal and Capt. Whitfield.

Mrs. Finlayson.

Photo by Klati & Co., Maymyo.

Sao Shawe Thaike, the new Sawbwagyi of Yawnghwe, Shan States, with his family and staff.

Two Famous Schools

Old Watsonians and Old Merchistons—and there must be many of them in India—will learn with regret that both schools are removing from their present sites to larger and more commodious premises elsewhere. The regret will consist in the fact that scenes of old associations are to disappear for ever. Curiously enough, Watsons is to be transferred to the present playing fields of Merchiston, whilst the new Merchiston is being erected on high ground to the east of Colinton. Both schools are expected to be in possession of their new headquarters by the autumn of 1931.

The Mandi Cabaret

The Raja and Rani of Mandi recently entertained a large number of their Simla friends at a Cabaret Ball at Davico's Ballroom. The Cabaret, organised by those talented artistes Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Alston, was on a splendid scale, with a chorus charmingly dressed to suit their dances.

H. H. the Rani of Mandi is the only daughter of H. H. the Maharajah of Kapurthala and is the fortunate possessor of distinctive beauty and brains, joined with a perfect taste in dress, which render her a most attractive member of Simla Society.

Longevity in India

A remarkable instance of longevity in India—by no means common in any of the many communities here—is furnished in the story of Mother Anna Joynt. She was born in Ireland in 1837, and came to India at nine years of age. Admitted to her Order in 1854, she remained on the active list till 1925.

She died last month at Loretto House, a few months short of ninety-two years of age.

She never returned to Ireland, and most of her service was done in the plains—a truly remarkable record.

CREATING INTEREST NOW—AND WHY

Major H. G. Yeats, C.I.E., M.V.O., has been appointed Military Secretary to the Finance Sales, Government-designate of Bombay. Major Yeats has had an almost unique experience of his office, having served no less than five Governors as Military Secretary, and in all three Presidencies.

Brigadier-General G. L. Colvin, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., is Agent of the East Indian Railway, and as such is one of the principal figures in litigation which is bound to create much public interest. He has had a varied career, serving as a Captain in France and eventually becoming Director-General of Transportation in Italy.

Mr. G. C. Sears is the head of the Indian organisation of General Motors Export Co., the American automobile manufacturers. This huge concern has recently announced its intention of erecting a factory in India and meeting the demands of the Indian market by local manufacture. Students of Indian industry will watch this development with interest.

Diwan Bahadur T. Rangachariar, C.I.E., has given to India much public service. He was formerly Deputy-President of the Legislative Assembly, and represented his country at the last Empire Parliamentary Conference. As Chairman of the Fiscal Commission, which recently issued its report after some months of strenuous labour, he has added to the heavy debt which his fellow-citizens owe him.

Major-General Francis Hutchinson, C.I.E., has retired from the Surgeon-Generalship of Madras. He has had a distinguished career in this country, joining the Indian Medical Service in 1887, after studying under Edinburgh University and Chatterhouse General Hospital. He married a daughter of Colonel C. H. W. O'Sullivan, formerly of the Royal Engineers, and Madras is the poorer by their departure from Brodie Castle.

Lady Dermitzaki and her daughter Amelia [illegible] with some of their [illegible] Dalmatians at her home [illegible] Gate near Lewes. A sister of Mr. R. G. Sanes [illegible] Calcutta. Lady Dermitzaki married Sir Stephen Demetriadi of the firm of Ralli Bros. and then has since [illegible] with Indian.

Farewell Party to the Hon'ble Dr. D. F. Malik by the Cheltenham Club, Simla.

Lt. R. V. Wills Sir H. Monckton Sir A. Sir Mohamed Habibullah Dr. D. F. Malik

DISTINGUISHED INDIANS IN LONDON

Misses M., H. and W. Kothawala, daughters of the famous Indian writer, Mrs. M. H. Kothawala, snapped by the camera-man during their visit to England.

Sir Dhir Singh Mahamahan of Nashipur and the Maharajah of Pudukota snapped while entering the polo at Ranelagh.

The Maharajah of Kapurthala and his son, Prince Jit Singh, who are staying in England on holiday.

TO A BRIDE ABOUT TO START FOR INDIA

By LADY KITTY RITSON

Illustrated by "FISH"

Specially Written and Illustrated for "India Monthly Magazine"

I suppose most love-sick young women have presented their young men with . . . . . .

I MET a sweet young thing last week who confided to me, shyly: "I'm engaged to the dearest boy in the 90th Lancers. We're going to be married next month and then we're going out to India. Won't it be a heavenly adventure? Just think! Lions and tigers in the jungle and black servants. I couldn't bear an ayah to touch me, so Jim says I must take my maid." And so she prattled on, and I visualised her through the years as one or another of the big classes into which, Englishwomen abroad, are divided. Those who become a "memsahib" and those who declare that India is a dreadful place and who stagger home every hot weather to England, vilifying India and the Indians and weakening a link in the chain, which should bind the Empire together.

I wonder whether you poor young brides of to-day are still bewildered by the conflicting statements which used to be made to us, fourteen years ago when we announced that we

You will be a broken butterfly on the wheel.

were going to spend the next [illegible] years of our lives in India. [illegible]

[illegible] belong to the same race as Grace Darling and Florence Nightingale, and then—sit down and learn the language. However home-sick you are, however much you are appalled by the fact that the natives of India are not white (which considering our example, they might well be), you will find that learning the language is sufficient occupation to prevent you from dwelling upon your woes. You will have no difficulty in finding a "munshi," but why a munshi con- [illegible] all school-boys have to struggle with the "ablative" at an early age. As far as I could make out the whole of the language hinges upon the correct use of this "ablative." However, he will soon abandon the unequal struggle and proceed to agreeable conversation on the subject of "[illegible]" income, by [illegible] he will practise his English, at the same time acquiring information which will enhance his reputation in the bazaar. It all depends upon whether you are using the munshi as a means of learning the language or as a palliative against overwhelming home-sickness. If the former most unlikely condition of affairs should be the case, I can only commend you to the mercy of [illegible] to leave it severely alone. I have yet to discover why "luncheon" should turn into "tiffin" in India, or why the khitmagar should be entreated to "juldi" up with the "cha." Every morning when you do your Muller's exercises make a fresh vow that no Urdu word shall pass your lips, thus shall you cease to be a reproach in the land.

Sit down and learn the language.

To lose your [illegible] East is an entire [illegible]

adorning your cook's offspring disturb your serenity. When the last trump sounds and the graves give up their dead, the cook's children will arise in the "jharans" of every memsahib who ever passed her little day in India's coral strand. Need you be ashamed to be amongst them? It is better to meet your husband with a shining face when he returns from the polo ground than with a countenance riven with anger by the great "jharan" question.

When you, my little bride, arrive at the Mecca of all young women's hopes—Simla—no vow will avail you. You will succumb to her lure as did your grandmother your great, and your great-great-grandmother before you. All I can wish you is a measure of sanity and a large lump of loyalty to that unhappy husband sweltering in the plains. You must have your Simla as you have your measles, only try and preserve your sense of humour. You will ride round Jakko your face drenched in fair well tears on a well-trained "cuddling" pony and you will know that for you life is over, from henceforth you can only "walk on faltering feet as through a darkened room." We have all been through it and our pretty eyes looked swollen and gooseberryish next morning as we took the early train to Kalka. However, we lived to face greater griefs and to be thankful for the good husband with which the gods had provided us.

If you take your Simla in the right spirit you will look back on those days with a mixture of amusement and regret but mark my words, if you don't play the game, "the end of it's, sittin' and thinkin'." And while you are dancing and flirting and generally painting Simla red, don't lose your sense of proportion, but remember that there is nothing new under the sun and that all this has been done a hundred times before. I think the most pathetic poem that I ever wrote was composed under the stress of [illegible] emotion at Simla. The only sad thing is, that I can't [illegible] who inspired it. It began with the beautiful and original line: "In the far distance gleam the eternal snows," and surely no one had ever thought before to describe the snows as "eternal!" I had been undergoing a long course of Lawrence Hope, that poet of hopeless lovers. I suppose lovesick young women have presented their young men with many more beautifully bound editions of that particular poet than of anyone else's works. There is a poem beginning, "At Kotri by the river when ....." which I recommend to anyone who is suffering very badly. You positively quiver with emotion and suppressed passion as you read it. The only drawback is that when you see Kotri it is generally with the thermometer standing at 116° and it is difficult for even the most ardent lover to feel very devout under these circumstances. But read in the evening coolth at Simla it is simply heart-rending! I envy you, little bride, your first view of India as the boat steams into Bombay harbour and your future looks as rosy as the morning. "Believe nothing of what you hear and only half of what you see" during your life in the East and you won't go far wrong.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

FROM some irrelevant point on a leaf, the Spider suddenly dropped a number of inches to some equally irrelevant point of departure, hesitated, retraced her steps, picked up some lost thread, crossed and recrossed her path, pausing to tie a knot here and there, and all of a sudden this apparently aimless zigzagging took on a definite, geometric design of perfect and marvellous symmetry. Her web of wondrous sheen hung frail and gossamerlike suspended from an ancient deodar tree.

A fly flew lazily into the compound wafted by the warm south breeze. When he was still some distance from the deodar the Spider observed him and began using feminine wile to attract and hold his attention. She glided up a silky strand of her web, making amorous, voluptuous eyes at the enraptured fly, and executed a few graceful dance steps. She complimented his masculine charms in flowery, flattering terms; hummed little gems of songs, pouted, and hung her delicate head in a coy display of wistful sadness.

She then assumed an aesthetic pose and awaited, with confidence in her charms.

Fascinated, the unsuspecting fly drew nearer and nearer; the spell was upon him. He advanced as from hypnosis to the outer edge of the web, eager to enter. Suddenly the Spider uttered a shriek of horror. Shades of Mrs. Grundy! there stood the fly at the threshold of her home.

Should she invite him in? Was it proper? Was it being done?

* * * * *

THE LURE OF THE LUTE

HOUSEHOLD HORRORS. No. 1

THE KHIT.

By Maj. F. N. MACFARLANE.

Sher Ali Khan had many chits
Proclaiming him a prince of Khits.
And I unwisely thought them true—
A fact I soon had cause to rue.

His beard was long and red and wide,
And might have been a source of pride
If he had never let it droop
Into my mock turtle soup.

He had a habit, too, alack,
Of tipping teacups down one's back.
And every night the General dined
With us, the man was always blind.

Yet nothing really bothered me,
Until one day I chanced to see
The method he employed to spread
The jam and butter on the bread.

Now when this horrid deed was done,
I bade the bearer fetch my gun
And load it well with *S.S.G.*,
And send Sher Ali Khan to me.

Then, carelessly, I dropped a cup;
And as he stooped to pick it up
I drew a bead upon a spot
Which would ensure a raking shot.
And, though I hate extravagance,
Discharged both barrels at his pants.

* * * *

If only he had used a knife,
He might have saved his worthless life.

THE TOMB IN THE COMPOUND.

By ALICE PERRIN.

Written specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

ALL day George Lamont had been extra busy; there was so much to be finished before he started next morning. His wife was coming out by this mail and he was taking a few days off to go and meet her at Bombay. They would have to do a lot of household shopping because, just after she had gone home for the hot weather, Lamont had been given charge of a big concern at the foot of the Himalayas. It meant welcome promotion; from being a mere planter's assistant on an inadequate salary he had become manager himself, with two assistants of his own posted at each end of the vast estate. Of course there were drawbacks. The region was remote, far from any station and the railway; the bungalow was in a shocking condition—a huge old-fashioned erection originally built by some Indian potentate as a hunting-box, occupied intermittently by successive owners who had acquired more land by degrees, cultivated crops, and grown tea with varying success. It had made the fortunes of a few and ruined many. The present owner had bought the place cheap, perceiving its possibilities under good management, and Lamont considered himself lucky to have been the man selected to pull the property together. His luck had not come singly, for an unexpected legacy had enabled him to send his wife home; she needed the change badly, and now she was coming out restored in health and just as keen as he was about Kadumka. Once the estate was on its legs and a flourishing concern, there would be a handsome yearly commission for the manager in addition to better pay. He had got the house into some sort of order against Leta's arrival; the walls had been distempered, the ceilings white-washed, fresh matting covered the floors. There was just enough furniture to begin with, solid old tables and clumsy chairs, bed frames that only required new webbing—all that was really needed besides what necessaries he had brought with him. Leta had bought certain materials and cretonnes at home; they were going to choose other odds and ends together in Bombay.

Now he glanced round the spacious sitting-room with its many tall doors that opened into the deep verandah, and was conscious of an immense content. The hardships and trials of the past were over; the wretched quarters, the contrivances, the anxieties, seemed to have been almost worth while by contrast. As someone had once said to him, "What's the good of being rich if one has never been poor!"

He wandered out and inhaled the scent of flowering shrubs in the wide compound that was studded with mighty trees—it was like a park! Leta would soon have a decent garden filled with her favourite flowers, plenty of plants too in the verandah; she was a great gardener, a wonderful little woman altogether. The only real blot on the scene was that ugly old tomb under the pipal tree; he meant to have it demolished, in fact only about ten days ago he had told his overseer, Hera Lal, to get it done. The man must be reminded of the order. One didn't want a tumble-down old tomb, or any tomb for that matter, catching the eye every time one went out. Leta would hate it; and, besides, for the last few evenings a wandering fakir had taken to squatting before it, a beast with long matted hair and a face like a hideous mask whitened with ashes. By Jove! there he was now, sitting motionless, staring into space; he might have been carved out of a block of stone....

The sight of the creature filled Lamont with annoyance; it was as if all his pleasurable sensations had been suddenly damped, and, unaccountably, he shivered. He wouldn't permit it; the wretch must be driven away, and the tomb should be razed to the ground. He advanced towards the figure, silhouetted against the time-worn monument in the soft evening sunshine that filtered through the tree branches. A hundred yards lay between the tomb and the bungalow, and as he walked he shook his stick and shouted in Hindustani "Be off—be off at once." Then he stumbled over a clod of hard soil, and when he recovered his balance the fakir had risen and moving slowly away among the trees, looking back at Lamont over his shoulder. What a ghastly object, like a living skeleton, his only clothing a wisp of rag round the loins and a mangy bit of leopard skin slung over one shoulder. Lamont shouted again, and by the time he reached the tomb the fakir had passed out of sight. That was something to the good, but Lamont had a feeling that as long as the tomb was standing the fakir would return; they did that, these idle, good-for-nothing beggars—took up some squatting place that suited them and refused to be

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

"Do not tell Hera Lal I want him."

"Sahib, the lamps—" began Nathu.

"Never mind the lamps, fetch Hera Lal." Lamont spoke with a loud impatience, and Nathu departed.

After a short Hera Lal, the head factotum, came sulkily up the verandah steps, no doubt displeased at having been disturbed over his evening meal. Everybody seemed put out somehow, the whole atmosphere had changed. Half an hour ago Lamont had been in the highest spirits, now he felt irritable, depressed. He gave his orders tersely, without explanation.

"During my absence collect the coolies and have that old tomb in the compound removed, and do not permit that fakir to come near the place again."

Hera Lal rubbed one foot against the other, always a signal of disquietude with a native. He did not speak.

"You heard what I said?" Lamont demanded sharply.

"Huzoor!"

"Very well, take care that my order is obeyed. Now go."

But Hera Lal did not go. He cleared his throat apologetically and twiddled his toes. "There may be trouble, Sahib. It is not good to disturb a grave; some say it is the tomb of a holy man. . . ."

"I don't care what anyone says," interrupted Lamont. "You will do as I tell you. And if the tomb is not gone when I return with the memsahib, and if ever I see that fakir about the place again. . . ." There was menace in his pause.

Hera Lal salaamed hastily and scuttled down the steps. Nathu brought the lamps. Lamont refreshed himself with a drink. How the time dragged: he tried to read until his dinner should be served, but could not fix his attention, and when later he sat down to the meal he found he had no appetite. Was he in for a go of fever? That would be a rare business with a long journey in front of him! He felt afraid to take his temperature, another drink would pick him up perhaps and he would get to bed early. He had to start at [illegible] on a drive over bad roads to the nearest railway station; a relay of ponies had been posted out—supposing anything happened, some break-down or accident that might cause him to miss the mail train. Oh! confound it, what on earth was the matter with him? Reaction, no doubt, after his preparations, the excitement, the prospect of seeing Lata, the last few weeks since his arrival at [illegible] had been so strenuous. Once he was off, and on his way down country, he would feel different, there was nothing to worry about, indeed quite the contrary. But, even as he fell asleep the last thing he thought of was the whitened, mask-like face of the fakir, looking back over his shoulder, gliding away among the trees. Then he found himself wide awake, listening. There was no sound, but something must have disturbed him. He reached for the hurricane lantern, burning low on the floor beside his bed, and turned it up to look at his watch; it was past midnight.

Through the long, open doors of his bedroom he saw the moon shining brightly, a full moon, radiant, superb. An impulse assailed him to rise and go out; the room felt stuffy; a breath of cool air, a cigarette in the verandah, then perhaps he would sleep again. Outside it was marvellously still, not even a dog was barking in the neighbouring village; the servants' quarters were unusually silent, no murmur of voices, the whole place seemed deserted. Where was the night watchman, and the peon who always slept within hail? He must make a row about this in the morning before he started. . . . What a moon! the light drenched the compound, picking out every blade, every leaf, casting inky black shadows as though carved with a gigantic knife. Spell-bound by the glittering silence, he strolled to the end of the broad verandah, and halted abruptly. . . . There, against the tomb, was outlined the ash-smeared form of the fakir seated cross-legged, motionless; a shaft of moonlight struck full on the grotesque figure that looked almost phosphorescent in the surrounding shadows, like something focussed in the limelight of a darkened stage.

Fury possessed Lamont, a breathless sense of rage; swiftly he dashed down the steps and ran, his bare feet seem scarcely to touch the rough ground. Then he was beating, bashing, raining blows on a thing that crumpled up, unresisting, beneath his onslaught. It crossed his mind, even

[illegible] by the unremembered hands of the dead.

[illegible] Lera [illegible] happy [illegible] feelings. She would [illegible] course, and [illegible] everything, but that could not alter the consequences of his rotten conduct, his lack of self-control, the whole stupid desperate mess into which he had landed himself. Was there no way out, no possible loophole of escape? Fearfully he glanced about the stillness that was so uncanny; his mind worked rapidly. No one had seen him leave the bungalow; could he bury the body? No, the ground was too hard, his bare hands were useless, and he did not dare return to fetch anything with which he could dig. Of a sudden he thought of the tomb, and tiptoed close to it with stealthy tread, his pulses racing. Yes, there was a deep hole between the broken slabs of masonry and the thrusting roots of the pipal tree, deep enough, broad enough. . . . He must countermand his order to Hera Lal; Hera Lal would rejoice that, after all, the tomb was to remain undisturbed!

It did not take long. He lifted the corpse that was incredibly light; as he did so the skull-like head lolled back from the limp wisp of neck. Across the forehead was a long scar, an old, deep scar; Lamont found himself wondering what had caused it. How could he be wondering anything so futile at such a moment! Sweat poured into his eyes as he pushed and crammed the pitiful heap through the wide crack; suddenly it dropped, he heard it drop down below. Oh! Thank heaven he was safe for the time being; nobody would think anything of a fakir's disappearance; they were wanderers, this kind-travelling as the spirit moved them, answerable to none. But jackals! jackals might nose out the body, scatter the bones. With all his strength he lifted some large bits of stone lying about, portions of the tomb, and filled up the hole; jackals could not dislodge anything so weighty. There, it was done. He looked carefully

She crept behind a tree and stared, petrified, at the revolting object.

over the ground to see if any tell-tale possession of the fakir remained; it seemed curious there was nothing. Generally they had a little pair of tongs, a begging bowl and the bit of leopard skin, where was that? Fear assailed Lamont again; if the fakir had left his small belongings somewhere, not returning to claim them, might there not be some inquiry? Hardly likely; but still. . . . At least for the moment there should be no trouble; he could go down to Bombay, trust to luck. Luck, until this fatal night, had seemed to be on his side, why shouldn't it continue. He had not intended to kill the poor devil, his conscience was clear enough on that point. How he got back to the bungalow he hardly knew, keeping in the shadow of the trees as far as possible, and then running,

running swiftly across the open moonlight space, up the verandah steps, back into his bedroom. All was yet quiet, no one about. What a mercy the night watchman should have neglected his duties this night, or all others, and the peon too. It seemed a miracle. Utterly exhausted he crept into his bed.

"Sahib! Sahib!"

Lamont started up. The sun was pouring into the room. Nathu was standing there, had wakened him. For a second he thought of nothing but the fact that he was late for his morning, then he remembered. His head was throbbing with shaking hands he rubbed and blessed, gulped down some tea, and sent for Hira Lal.

"Yes, sahib, we found [illegible] sleeping in Hira Lal. [illegible] the tomb may be left as it is until my return. There is nothing about it at present." Hira Lal salaamed, obviously relieved, well pleased.

"It is as well," he said. "The tomb has been there for many years."

"But," interrupted Lamont, with a sudden coming, "it will have to be removed sooner or later, remember that."

"And meanwhile, what is the matter of the fakir?" asked Hira Lal tentatively.

"Oh! Let him sit there if he wants to," replied Lamont with well assumed indifference.

"Only tell him he'll have to clear out when I and the Memsahib return."

Hira Lal salaamed again. The trap was at the door, the staff had assembled to see the sahib depart, all promised faithful guardianship of the premises. Lamont said nothing about the negligence of the watchman and the peon on the previous night, it was better ignored in the circumstances. If by some evil chance anything did come out he knew they would swear they had been on duty as usual and had seen nothing, in order to escape dismissal.

Mrs. Lamont, arriving in the highest spirits, looking years younger, eager, full of plans, was shocked at her George's appearance; he looked so haggard, so ill, so unlike himself. It was nothing to bother about, he explained—a touch of fever coming down in the train, he hadn't been very fit when he left Kadumka [illegible] had shaken it off. Leta Lamont wasn't satisfied; undoubtedly the touch of fever had [illegible] down and would account for his looking [illegible] but there was something else, it was not [illegible] something was troubling her husband [illegible]. But with her usual good sense she bided her time; sooner or later he would tell her what it was, meanwhile he need rest and feeding up. She was glad they were to stay in Bombay a few days, no need to hurry about the shopping. Therefore she asked no questions, distracting his mind with accounts of her doings at home and on board ship, about her last purchases in London, all that had happened since she wrote him her final letter. Soon he was looking better, but the mental depression remained, and he muttered in his sleep some nonsense about a fakir and a tomb. She felt alarmed and puzzled: if he had muttered about business, the estate accounts, for example, she could have understood it, but the one thing that did not appear to be worrying him was the future success of the property. He had told her that nothing could be more promising in every respect, and she felt certain he was withholding no anxieties from her on that score. Then, what was it? The night before they left Bombay he told her. She listened as he poured it all out, shaking, consumed with the dread of discovery.

"It would mean ruin, Leta!" he moaned. And though she knew that it would, especially as he had hidden the body, she was not going to say so.

Instead, she soothed and reassured him, pointing out how extremely unlikely it was that anything could happen.

"Just try to put it out of your mind, George," she urged stoutly. "Leave it to me, I'll think what to do; wait till we get back."

Vague though her words were they comforted him, she was such a blessed support with her courage and confidence. He felt that perhaps somehow, Leta would contrive to make it all right; and that night he slept more calmly. Not so his wife: she lay awake, thinking, thinking, going over every detail he had told her. There seemed nothing for it at present but to keep George from brooding as far as possible. And when they arrived at Kadumka in the early morning, she went into extravagant transports over the place, infecting him with her enthusiasm so that he felt a growing sense of security, which was just what she wanted him to feel. But it was when they went out after breakfast, to look at what was to be her garden, that his spirits fell again.

"Leta," he said clutching her arm, "that's the tomb."

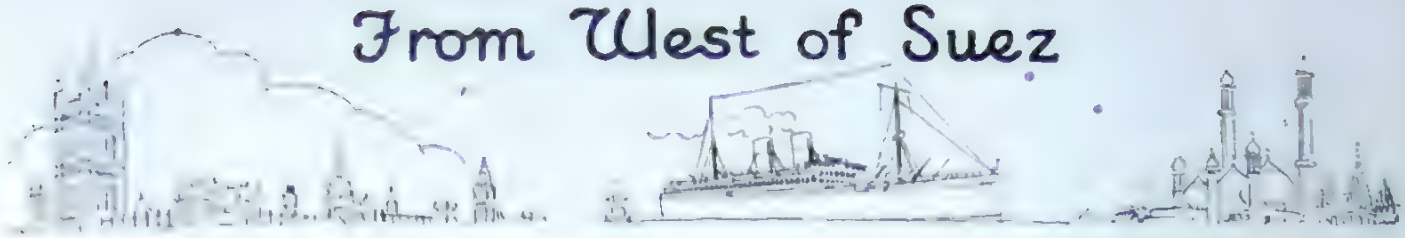
"Yes, I see, and of course it's just the same as you left it. Now go to your office work and forget about it. I want to plan the garden."

The way she brushed the whole thing aside heartened him once again; he did her bidding, leaving her standing, thoughtfully contemplating the rough grassy space in front of the bungalow, but it was not of the garden she was thinking. . . .

Mercifully for the next few days George was so occupied with arrears of office work and inspections of the land that he had little time to worry; and then one of the assistants, young Smith, came over for a couple of nights about some dispute that had arisen concerning a boundary. There was an idea of George going back with the youth to settle it.

(Continued on page 84.)

From West of Suez



Written specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

LONDON, 16th August.

BY the time this sees the light of the nice roasting Indian sun, most of the things that happen down south in the blessed British Isles will be over, that is to say: Goodwood is, and Cowes more or less so, and we are now looking northward towards Doncaster, the Hielan' Games, including that more or less Royal function, the Braemar Gathering, Oban where it is always wet—at least I have never struck that otherwise charming spot when it has not been drenched by the rain and sea-fogs from the Atlantic—and the Perth Hunt Steeplechases. There is no such thing as the Perth Hunt, of course, because fox-hunting in Scotland is not conducted anywhere north of Fifeshire, but it is a meeting devoted to the "hunter" class, and hence its title. As Perthshire is usually nice and soft, owing to the fact that the Hielans are far fonder of rain than any other part of the British Isles—bar of course Ireland, which we do not now count as one of the family—the going is usually good and the falling soft; at least so I am told. I have only been to one Perth Hunt meeting, and then it was cold enough and wet enough to make you believe that you were really back in the hunting season farther south. How the inhabitants of Caledonia stern and wild can stick it in kilts, as so many of them do, I do not know. My admiration for the race which has made India what she is and still holds her together, is unbounded.

Miss Nancy Beaton, one of the season's pretty débutantes.

For Goodwood, His Majesty stayed with Sir Hedworth Meux, whom I have no doubt some people will remember when he was in Calcutta staying with Lord Hardinge, who was then Viceroy of India, for the first time breaking the Royal custom of staying with the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood House. The present Duke, who as many people know, is more or less a cripple from wounds, broke a leg not so long ago and it has taken longer to mend than most, so that a bachelor house party was beyond him and also he was not fit enough to go racing very much, but was carried to his box the first day. Save that all of us lost our money foolishly backing gallant Priory Park, the butcher's horse, Goodwood went off much as usual and the weather was distinctly better than it was last year, when at times it rained stair-rods and made everyone extremely uncomfortable. I got down for two days only, and stayed in a house not far from Chichester, in which were just the right collection of cheery souls.

A Next Year's Winner.

Tiffin, Lord Ellesmere's little filly, is one of the most beautiful things, strictly in miniature, I have ever seen, and most people said that we had "sure" seen the winner of next year's One Thousand and perhaps of the Oaks and Leger. I hope so, for Lord Ellesmere's sake, for he is the most popular of all people who go racing, and incidentally an excellent steward of the Jockey Club—but I wonder! She is so small, not as big as half the things you see playing polo at Hurlingham and elsewhere. I should doubt whether she were quite 15 hands at the moment,

in the air, and with more heart and lung room for the 14 furlongs [illegible] horse (after [illegible]). Before it Flamingo [illegible] I am rather afraid that [illegible] to France may [illegible] him out. I hear [illegible] uraging about [illegible] and I should [illegible] if he did not run. He is [illegible] worth keeping and [illegible] if all's well, I should [illegible] everyone to have him [illegible] on his side. He is a [illegible] and he is bound to grow a lot more, which is just what he wants. As a bit of news,

The Countess of Minto with her five weeks' old heir, Viscount Melgund

Lady Irwin and her daughter, the Hon. Ann Wood, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin at Downing Street.

The Tweeds

Sir Osmond Wilson

Sir Warren Wilson

Hunting Prospects

Before saying a word or two about the fox-catching, about

The Hon. Gilbert Greenall, who was born to Lord Daresbury, died as the result of a motor accident at Windsor Great Park

India, where he was Military Secretary to Sir O'Moore Creagh, C.-in-C. in India, and who was always quite disrespectfully but affectionately known as "Mike." "Scatters" won the Indian Grand National over the old Tollygunge course with Kaffirpan in 1910, when poor "Kid" Charrington rode him. "Kid" the friend of so many of us, was killed in the war by one of our own shells. I daresay you remember that he was supposed to be the double of a gent named "Little Willie," the ex-Crown Prince of Germany, who was, by courtesy, an officer of the Royals, Kid Charrington's regiment.

The hunting prospects I should say, knowing something about what has been happening of recent years where hound-breeding is concerned, are excellent, if only we do not get that ban of the *chasse*, foot and mouth all over us. It has already started showing its ugly nose, and the Royal was rather marred, and so was the Royal Yorkshire, by the restrictions which were at once put in force. In Leicestershire we shall miss three people very badly—Edmund Paget, Joint Master of the Quorn for eight seasons with Algy Burnaby, a dear little man and one who has really made the present Quorn pack; poor old "Low," whose tragic end out of that aeroplane is one of the unsolved mysteries; and now poor young Gilbert Greenall, killed in that motor accident going back to barracks at Windsor. They were the familiar friends of most of us who hunted "over the grass," and three better fellows it would be impossible to meet. Poor old Loewenstein knew nothing about hunting, and owned that he didn't. All he came out for was to "jump" and "jomp" he did—quite unnecessarily quite often. A lion-hearted fellow and the most hospitable thing ever created. And now, I fear, the Editor will say he has heard quite enough of me for the moment, so, reluctantly, I must whip off and temporarily close this *Chronique Scandaleuse!*

THE VULP.

The Palace of H. H. The Maharajah of Bharatpur photographed during recent floods.

THE ROMANCE OF THE TAJ MAHAL

MARRIAGES are made in heaven, but there is only one tie between the children for [illegible] the Taj Mahal [illegible] Mumtaz [illegible] Shah Jehan is the [illegible] of the Taj Mahal.

[illegible] Mahal, a [illegible] of Asaf Khan, [illegible] of Nur Jehan, [illegible] to Prince Khurrum, afterwards Shah Jehan, in 1612. The betrothal had taken place five years earlier. At the annual [illegible] at the Moghul [illegible], Cupid did as brisk a business as the dealers in rich commodities. Foremost among the beauties assembled to see the stalls of exquisite stuffs was the fair Mumtaz. Her capture of the heart of Prince Khurrum was quickly effected. A love marriage followed—the girl hardly out of her teens and the Prince just twenty-one.

From the first the couple were supremely happy. They were inseparable, and Shah Jehan had in all Mumtaz Ali he could a dutiful wife, a helpful comrade and a wise counsellor. The queen bore him eight children. Of these Dara, Shuja, Aurangzeb and Morad formed the quartette whose fratricidal wars make such a sorry chapter of Indian history. Death indeed was merciful to the mother, who was spared the spectacle of her beloved sons in civil war and the victor wading through blood to the throne.

Taj Mahal, Agra, photographed long before sunrise.

Rejoicings at the new Emperor's coronation were hardly over when the country was shrouded in the pall of mourning by the sudden death of the lovely Mumtaj in childbirth at Burhanpur in the Deccan. The brooding Emperor became indifferent to all exigencies of State and nearly followed his consort to the grave. Then [illegible] last behest of the Empress, and Shah Jehan applied himself to the erection of a tomb such as the world might admire for all time. Some historians have argued that the Taj Mahal is merely the climax of the evolution of a particular school of architecture. In one way this is true, but to those who are disposed to belittle the romantic element in history [illegible] the imagination of a great lover was fired, and a magnificent building—a fitting monument of eternal love—was the result. The Moghuls were not noted for their constancy in love, but to Shah Jehan the building of the Taj Mahal was merely a continuation of the love and devotion which he had given to Mumtaz in her lifetime.

The best architectural skill wrought on the richest materials and for seventeen years materials poured into Agra from far and wide. The Emperor watched and worked and his enthusiasm did not flag. It has been computed that twenty thousand labourers worked at the Taj for more than twenty-two years. No price was deemed too dear to embellish the tomb. Province vied with province in their tribute to the memory of the beloved Empress. Rajputana alone sent one hundred and forty thousand cartloads of sandstone and marble; jasper came from the Punjab; cornelians from Ceylon; corals from Arabia, onyx from Persia; puma from Bundelkhund; and jade and crystals from as far afield as China.

Taj Mahal, Agra, at dawn.

Shah Jehan desired his monument to be an epitome of the riches of a whole Empire, and those who have examined it carefully agree that he succeeded. The principal entrance is an extensive monumental arch of uniform red stone, relieved with bands of white marble and adorned with rows of kiosks and mosaics of agates and onyx. At the head of an avenue, the Taj, dazzling white, has the appearance of an enormous silver bubble in the sunlight. It has been said that the Moghuls designed like Titans and finished like jewellers. If this is so, the Taj is the supreme example of their jewellery.

Emperor Shah Jahan on his death-bed. His daughter, Jahanara, by his side.

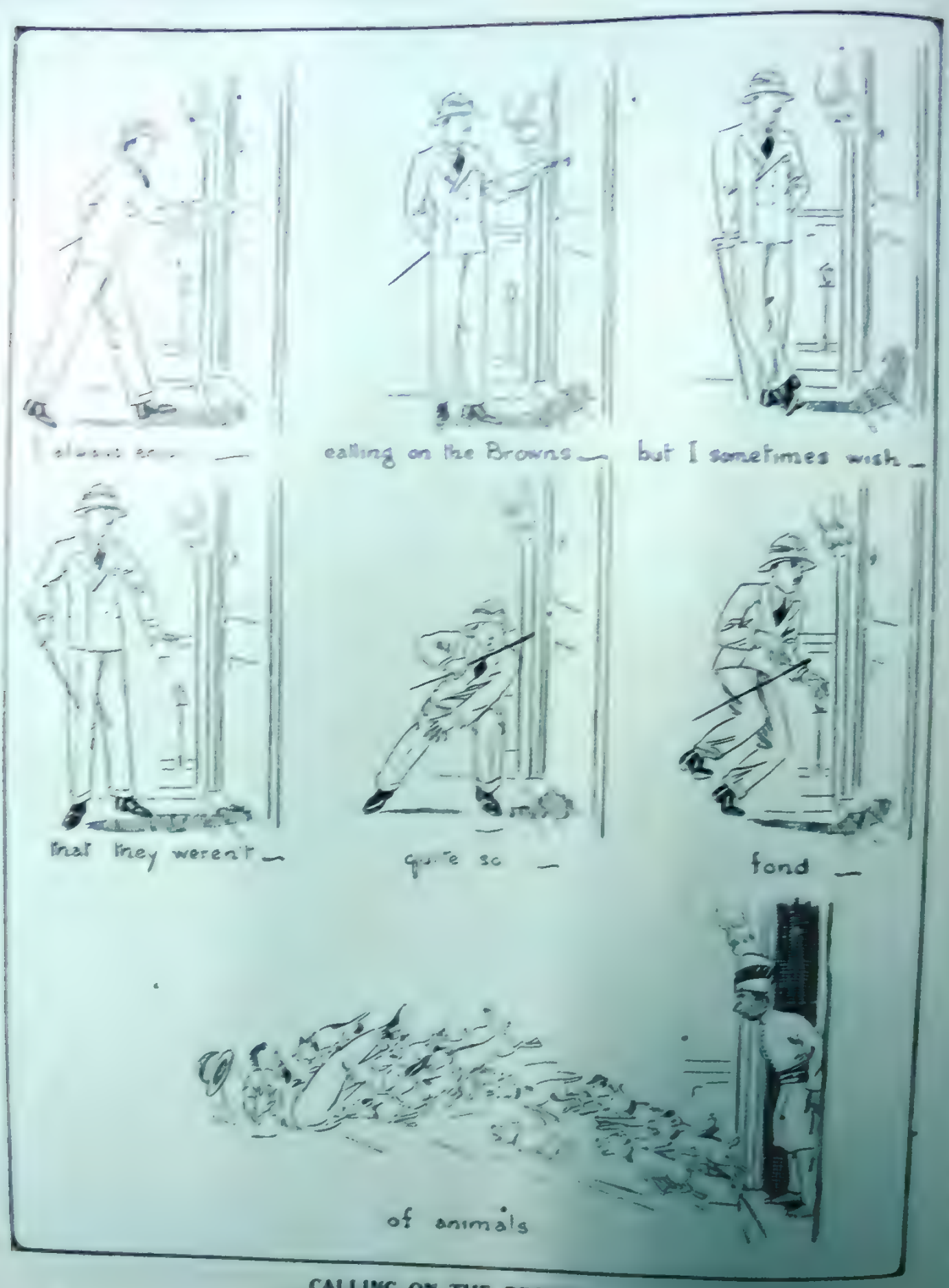
On a terrace of pink sandstone with a marble platform forming the pedestal, rises the mausoleum—an irregular octagonal shape. It has a terraced roof with four pavilions at the corners and a magnificent dome in the centre. The tombs of Mumtaj and Shah Jehan are in the central chamber, enclosed by a screen of marble, and on the Empress' tomb blooms a never-fading garden of Persian flowers. At the western extremity stands a beautiful mosque of red sandstone, mounted by three domes with colours and proportions in excellent contrast with the Taj. For the sake of symmetry alone an exact replica of this mosque has been erected at the eastern extremity.

The mausoleum, however, is not a sepulchre fashioned after ordinary architectural canons, but after a monarch's ideals symbolical of womanly grace and beauty. The feminism of the building, if such an expression may be used, is obvious in the graceful flow and harmony of line and colour. To the lovelorn Emperor, passing his sleepless hours with wistful glances at the Taj bathed in silver moonbeams, it must have appeared as Mumtaj herself, smiling, radiant, still lingering on the banks of the Jumna. In the days of capture in the Jesmine Tower how he must have envied the peaceful slumber of his Empress! In time he, too, earned his rest and was buried by the side of his beloved one.

Another view of the Taj Mahal.

LA PREMIERE DANSEUSE.

Anna Pavlova, the world famous ballerina, is to tour India this cold weather. These three charming studies of the great artiste have hitherto not been published.



CALLING ON THE BROWNS.

"H.G.D.ISMS"

A pot pourri of Philtered Philosophy

They are most entertained who are entertaining.

The silliest thoughts seem to belong to those who are always thinking aloud.

By acquiring the knack of distilling your words, you'll get a smaller volume but a higher proof.

Egotism is that subtle quality which prompts a man to marvel a little at the reflection that—after he's dead—the world will probably go on just the same.

Contentment is the quality of being able to like the people you appeal to most.

Too many people spend time in envying somebody else's portion of happiness, while their own plate grows cold.

"Second Choice" is what the average bachelor thinks his ex-sweethearts will have to put up with after he's married.

The highest rate of interest known is that which you pay on borrowed happiness.

Wise men are discovered, but fools proclaim themselves.

Strangers are oft times more helpful than friends.

ACCORDING TO JOHN

When John had breathed his last long breath
And died three score and ten,
Right back to earth came John again
To guide his fellow men.
And though his spirit ne'er was seen,
His voice, 'tis said, was loud,
And told of wondrous things beyond
The great dividing shroud.

"I peeped through Heaven's gate," said John,
"And took a trip through Hell,
And of the sights I saw in both
Strange tales I have to tell;
For, first of all, impressions err,
Two places there are not;
Tho' one end's stark and frigid cold,
The other end's red hot.

"But in the middle, clear and warm,
It's green throughout the year;
And where they place you just depends
On deeds you do down here.
The good acts count as freezing cold,
And sins, they rate red hot;
And for each little thing you do
They save a tell-tale drop.

"Now, strange to say, up where it's cold
I didn't see a soul,
Because the hot drops melt the cold
And even up the scroll.
But some were far from warm, it seems,
Who were so good down here.
They found no time for all life's joys
But only for life's fear.

"But some who'd sinned quite oft I saw
In quite the greenest part,
Because, as I learnt later on,
They had a kindly heart.
Down here our laws concern the flesh,
And earthly humors stay;
Up there they deal in worth of soul
And not in worth of clay.

"And so," said John, with thinning voice,
"Take heed, for you will learn
The latitude you'll strike up there
Your acts below will earn.
Though, last of all, one thing I'll say
Which counts for most above
Is this: the favoured spots are kept
For deeds that stand for love."

H. G. D.

A good code of ethics is an excellent set of tools.

Something for nothing is the most expensive of all.

A good interpreter is one who can translate a clever thought into a tangible act.

Headline:—"Successful men are the most untiring workers." Yes; their brain has grasped the elusive fact that the fastest time is made on non-stop runs.

A pair of decent instincts are worth a thousand good resolves.

A world-war between men and women will never come to pass until the former offer the latter a choice between the vanity case and the vote.

Nobody notices a homely face when they are looking into a beautiful mind.

There is always one diary we cannot destroy—the diary within ourselves.

Moonshine happiness is the kind that money buys.

Every man should have one harsh critic: himself.

Some people find it least easy to feel at ease.

THE RICKSHAW RIDE

By A. P. HERBERT.

Specially written for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

"While someone mixes me a drink
And some sweet creature sings."

WHEN I am in the tropic sun
I very soon decide
It is more blest to walk than run
And better still to ride,

And better far to lie and think
Of undisturbing things,
While someone mixes me a drink
And some sweet creature sings.

"And thought the man a feeble elf."

But now and then—a cruel fact
No argument can flout—
The moment comes when one must act
And even move about.

And then, if I perspire and pant,
I do not hire a car,
I do not hail an elephant
Or mount the jaguar.

Let others thread their dusty way
By camel or by cart—
But I am not ashamed to say
The rickshaw has my heart.

For here is motion's highest bliss.
There is not one I know
So excellently soft as this,
So admirably slow.

And though at first it seemed a shame,
And with a faint remorse
I watched the energetic frame
Of my hot human horse,

And thought the man a feeble elf,
And felt that I was fat,
And begged him not to tire himself—
I soon got over that.

Philtered Philosophy—continued.

A vanity case is something that hangs at the end of a woman's rod and line.

A love affair is all too often a maze you unconsciously drift into and spend the rest of your life trying to find a way out of.

A little pressure will sometimes gently move what a battering ram would only destroy.

The things we can do without are usually close at hand.

Happiness or unhappiness is merely a state of mind. Things could always be so much better or so much worse, that little cause for either really exists.

It may take two wings to make an angel, but one sterling quality spells greatness here below.

Nine-tenths of the dictionary can be thrown away if you master the meaning of three of its words:—Kindness, gentleness and sympathy.

When they're not suspicious of others, they're usually square themselves.

A ticklish problem can seldom be scratched.

The Rickshaw Ride

For now with many an angry call
I make the fellow run,
I fancy he enjoys it all
As much as anyone.

[illegible] Mary in Congress busy drive,
[illegible] every blessed day
[illegible] easy to arrive
[illegible] any kind of way.

[illegible] I crawl round and round
[illegible] trams,
[illegible] like a weasel underground,
Among the pipes and drains.

[illegible] battle on the brink
[illegible] full inside,
[illegible] to myself I think—
[illegible] *for a rickshaw ride!*

I dream Colombo's pleasant sky
In England's pleasant land,
I dream the pretty rickshaws ply
From Chelsea to the Strand.

"Rickshaws ply from Chelsea to the Strand."

And in my little rick, I rest,
In either hand a knout,
And certain people I detest
Are carting me about.

For instance, there is Mr. Byng,
For instance, there is Brown—
I love to see them galloping
While I am sitting down.

"For instance, there is Mr. Byng."

And I can think of many more
That I should like to drive,
The pianist at Number Four,
The man at Number Five;

Teetotallers and Busy Bees,
And Bolsheviks, *of course*—
It would be good for each of these
To function as a horse.

And you will find that now and then
It is a soothing game
To think of all the horrid men
You'd like to do the same.

A man who has brains enough to achieve an outstanding success is usually so ordinary in everything else as to make one wonder how on earth he accomplished it.

Speculation is at once the symbol of progress and the thief of opportunity. It either spurs us on in the hope of winning or holds us back for the fear of losing.

The most desirable people to know are usually those we've never met.

It is sometimes more difficult to give away what you no longer want than it is to acquire what you do.

Where brains on the outside are obvious, there is often a shortage within.

There are lots of things we wouldn't want at all if we really knew how easy they were to get.

If you want to find softheartedness in the home, look for hard-heartedness in the business.

Within heads least suspected lurk the best brains of all.

THE DOUBLE TRYST.

By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

THE road was incredibly chill and lonely as it wound across the heights. A grey, impassive sky brooded over the endless wastes of bog and heather and green, sheep-cropped grass. No breeze stirred. The whole moor seemed to hold its breath. Expectant and resolute it waited, as if for some bleak thing to happen.

A faint *pit-a-pat* sounded up the track, disturbing the eerie hush. It gathered volume, and a rider, breasting the last of the rise, pushed her mare into a restless trot that was a gallop soon. They were the only living things that showed from rim to rim of the wilderness, except the sheep grazing on scanty herbage. They fell to a walking-pace again, for the road dropped sheer to a hollow, and its pebbles were not kind to hoofs. The rider talked to her mare as if it were human—said little, but bared the whole, swift turmoil in her heart.

"Willow," she complained, "is there never a man to be found to run our errand? Has a pestilence come to this bleak moor, and slain them all?"

The mare grew fretful, too, answering Nance Wyllard's mood. She whinnied with disquiet, glancing from side to side as if each rustling patch of heather hid an ambush or a ghost.

"Courage, Willow," said Nance, as they reached the hill-foot and began the further climb. "We *cannot* fail. We dare not."

The end of their toil showed them a flat, everlasting stretch of heath. The highway raked out into a fast descending dusk, and wan stars showed here and there between the clouds. A desolate heaven looked down on a grim and silent moor, as if all hopes were dead.

Nance caught infection from the loneliness. What use was there for eagerness in this land that was dumb, except for a moaning breeze? Willow and she had done enough, and they were tired.

She roused herself. She was needed, far back on the road behind, with men to help her. Though she rode the mare till they dropped, she must find aid.

Mile after mile went by. The moon climbed over the fir-spinney on the hill beyond. Its brightness, round and full, served only to make plainer the land's naked loneliness. Then, suddenly, as they reached a bend of the road, a gaunt figure sprang from shelter of the gorse and stood across their track. They rode the footpad down as he made a wild clutch at the bridle, and left him there. To-night allowed no time for compunction.

"We have found a man at last," said Nance, with a breathless laugh; "but he's not worth much by now."

In this grim mood—tense, fearless, hard as the moor she rode through—she pressed on. There came a long rise of the highway; and, when the mare breasted it, a big house showed ahead, aflare with lighted windows.

"Help comes, Willow. Out of this thankless, peevish moor, help comes. Courage, little one."

The moon showed them a weedy bridle-way, branching from the road to the big house on the hill. Willow was sobbing a little now, try as she would to hide her bodily distress. It had been a desperate journey, asking too much of eager limbs and rattling hoofs.

"Oh, I know," whispered Nance, with ready intuition. "Just a little further—see how close the lights are."

The moon threw dappled streaks of blue and amber on the track, winding up between the leafless sycamores. The branches overhead threw gaunt tortured shadows across the way—shadows that swayed with every eddy of the homeless breeze.

Twice the mare shied, and twice Nance rallied her. "There are worse things than shadows, Willow," she said sharply, and rode on.

They reached the big house. Its door stood hospitably open, and gruff merriment drifted out into the night. For a moment Nance hesitated, then need urged her on. She slipped from the saddle, tied Willow's bridle to the ring on the left hand of the door, and muttered a word of cheer.

The hall, lit by flickering candles, was empty when she passed in. Beyond, a flood of lamplight streamed through the half-open door, and a voice swore at the cursed draught. "Couldn't they shut all doors," the man asked?

Another voice answered him. "Not till Guy Lorrimer comes. He'll be in his cups about this time—"

"Well, aren't we all?" broke in another of the company.

"Deep enough—but not ripe to blunder up against a closed door. Guy always likes a clear road ahead at this time o' night."

"... continued the dwarf, he moved. — But I have Pigg too there. We are only a little way to go."

Then she [illegible] with gentle reluctance. [illegible] was excited by question, abrupt and [illegible] shadows [illegible] complete [illegible] Hawkshaw Pass [illegible] Here he ended [illegible] now to go

"By [illegible] Stuart party," he said, with [illegible] instead. [illegible] and he [illegible]

[illegible] Lorrimer [illegible] to act his [illegible] been a jester; [illegible] lass-o'-love [illegible] r-party. Guy Lorrimer was not [illegible] taste, whether of wine [illegible] among his fellows.

"[illegible] you rise, gentlemen," said Lorrimer [illegible]

Their laughter grew in volume, and still they [illegible]. So Lorrimer stepped to Ponsonby's side and struck him lightly on the cheek.

"For a lady's honour, Ponsonby. You're not my host to-night. I give a challenge to you five, [illegible] Will you rise to that challenge, you louts who hindered me from following Tom Forster and the Rising?"

The [illegible] now that Lorrimer was vastly sober, as his way was in the between-times. They were [illegible], too, that, drunk or sober, he was a wizard with the rapier. Already he was fondling its hilt as if the blade knew him for its own.

They rose to the challenge, as they had not risen to Nance Wyllard's entry.

"I claim first honour," said Ponsonby. "If I'm not to play host to you in one way, it must be in t'other."

"No. I'll take your best swordsman first—young Will Stevens there. He'd be my match, if he spared himself at the wine a little more."

The jest—the outrageous jest at his own expense—did not hide his purpose. They knew this mood of his—cool, inexorable, intent on wiping out a grievance.

Will Stevens showed not a trace of his certainty that there would be no to-morrow for him. "At your service, Guy," he said quietly. "Very much at your service."

Lorrimer turned to Nance Wyllard with grave courtesy. "The hall I found you in is devilish cold, but I ask you to return to it until our business here is done."

She stood her ground, facing the revellers. Shame had given place to dignity, and that again had yielded to contempt.

"I thank you, Mr. Lorrimer. You alone had wit [illegible] know me for what I am. It is a pity you consort with louts who were never taught to rise [illegible] gentlewoman entered."

Ponsonby gazed at her in sheer astonishment. He was arrested by her grace, her unexpected [illegible]rit. "The manner of your coming was—[illegible]sual, shall we say?" he stammered clumsily.

"Not half as unusual as your welcome. I thought your moors rough and surly. They breed [illegible]th men, it seems."

"I am for teaching them manners," snapped Lorrimer, fingering his sword-hilt restlessly. "A name of theirs must be paid for, and at once."

"Wait. The name was light-o'-love. Does my honour blow so light that words can hurt it?"

They stood there like culprits, uneasy and abashed. It was as if they stood at the Bar, with the woman they had mocked as judge delivering sentence.

"Deuce help us, madam," muttered young Will Stevens, "how were we to know your breed, when Lorrimer came in with you out of the night—handing you in like a silly dancing-master?"

"You should have known by seeing what kind of guest he brought. I was there to vouch for myself without explanation or excuse."

A little silence followed. Then Nance laughed with quiet derision.

"There are five men here I should name light-o'-love. They were ardent for the Stuart and this new Rising in the North—till the Rising came to Lancashire. They drank themselves under the table to the toast of James the Third—until he asked for men, not toasts."

"She pinks us," growled Ponsonby. "Oh, damn. She thrusts keen."

"Before Mr. Lorrimer found me in your hall, I heard you talk of General Forster and his need to slip away from Lancaster. There'd have been no such need if Lancashire had met him with the levies he had counted on."

"If they'd given us Derwentwater to lead—"

"Would you have gone? Or would fox-hunting and ease have kept you neutral? It was the Stuart called, whatever General he chose—and you did not follow."

The silence now was long and burdensome. All that was real in Stuartry seemed gathered into the person of his gentlewoman. They knew that she had travelled roads of real battle they had not shared. Grief, joy to have suffered, showed in her face for a moment.

They stood in a rich radiance watching each other with hushed recognition. Lucinda became in all his life he had seen nothing so complete and so

[illegible] failed the lovers. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

(In Oriental Phantasy

Versatile Verse

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Our readers are invited to submit original poems for consideration and, if acceptable, publication. The name of the author will be omitted after each contribution, unless the contributor desires it to be omitted.

Etiquette

Oh, where can one insult a man?
  The times are few, at most.
One can't insult a man at home,
  Because one is his host.

Oh, where can one insult a man?
  It's difficult, at best;
One can't insult him at his house,
  Because one is his guest.

Yes, where can one insult a man?
  It never is allowed.
One can't insult a man abroad,
  Because one draws a crowd.

I've wanted to insult a man;
  I've never done it yet.
It isn't magnanimity;
  It's merely etiquette.

SYLVIA FULLER.

Still Life

Her fancy was the fleetest
Of everything that cruised,
In sorrow always sweetest
Like flowers that are bruised.

But laughter made her nimble,
And wisdom kept her shy;
She would not wear a thimble
And thread the needle's eye.

While others washed the dishes
The live-long afternoon,
With apron full of wishes,
She waited for the moon.

Knowing no lover, only
Strange heroes of delight,
If sometimes she was lonely
She kissed herself good night.

HELENE SAUNDERS.

A Lady Bored

When Fay feels dull, she grows demure,
The attic of her mind is pure:
An empty, bleak and echoing place,
Reflected sweetly on her face.

She walks about with parted hair
And something of a saintly air;
The very slippers on her feet
Are melancholy, chaste and neat.

When Fay feels dull—her sins are cast
Into forgetfulness so vast,
That Satan has to hunt and find
And put them back into her mind.

Evening at Phalut

Twelve thousand feet above the plain I stood,
  And looked into the clouds encirling round
  The lonely hill whereon our camp we'd found, [would
To see if Kangchenjunga's glory
    Unfold from out the mist.

And while I waited, pondering in the cold,
  A gaunt and scraggy pine tree by me groaned;
  A lonesome crow began to hover round;
A bearded goat came straying from its fold;
    My cheek I felt was kissed

By gusts of wind. The clouds were scattered far
  Across the north, and settled slowly deep
  Into the valleys for their cold night's sleep;
And in their place the mighty mountain bar
    Of India and Tibet,

Stretched wide from Kangchenjunga's snowy mass,
  Near by to Everest's unascended mount,
  Where Mallory and Irvine drank the fount
Of daring and adventure unsurpassed;
    Nay, more, unequalled yet!

Cold, dominating peaks; grim, lonely, wild;
  Crevices deep with drifted snow; and scarr'd
  And ancient wind-swept crags by Jove once tarr'd [piled
Jet black, forbidding, uninviting,
    Against the glowing sky

Of Evening. So the north horizon showed. . . .
  A while had passed, and then from out the West
  The Fire of Heaven struck the mountain's breast
With shafts of gold. The mother's kisses owed
    The child. The day's "good-bye."

. . . And yet another while did pass away
  And I was dumb, except to utter "God"!
  "Ah! God, what perfect beauty yet untrod
By foot of man . . . magnifical!" The day. [died.
    Fulfilled its course and

And, high above, the pallid moon did shine
  Her lovely beams upon the mountains bold,
  The clouds beneath rolled silver, fold on fold,
And turned, as sleeping children, half divine. [sighed.
    I thought I heard they

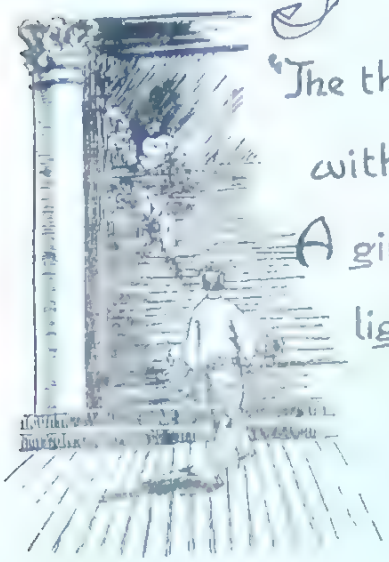
V.V.V.

WATERSIDE CAMEOS

A Backwater of Bengal

The Return of the Catamaran

Pagoda Flowers



"The thoughts ye cannot stay
with brazen chains,
A girls hair
lightly binds."
ARNOLD

She stands, this little maiden, silently demure,
And gazes at the flowers which strew the temple floor,
Then, stooping, picks sweet lilac, roses for her hair,
And bunches of mimosa, suppliant to her prayer.
As bells of the Pagoda chime their mystic peals,
In silken lungyee stealthily the maiden steals,
And, shyly lest perchance some passer by may meet,
She lays her fragrant blossoms at the great god's feet.
Soft veiled neath curling lashes, pleading eyes implore,
That Buddha it may please her lover to restore;
Then bows her head thrice reverently in childish grace,
And passes on with loves glad rapture on her face.
Thus will a lovers story ever be the same,
He, like the moth of old, is drawn towards the flame,
And whispers in her ear, his truant days are done,
Beneath the mogra tree at setting of the sun.
Then, hand in hand, they wander, children without care,
Before the shrine upon the hill top plighting there
Their troth, low kneeling, as the evening shadows fall,
And the Pagoda bells repeat their mystic call.
C.H McKAY

SKETCHES BY
A.C. MOORE.

THE NINTH OLYMPIAD

By HAROLD M. ABRAHAMS

Winner, 100 metres Olympic Games, 1924. Captain, British Track Team, Olympic Games, 1928

Written specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

FOR eight days from July 29th to August 5th over 1,000 athletes selected from forty different countries vied with one another for the most coveted distinction of being called "Olympic Champion" and being recognised as the best athlete in the world in a given event.

As a result of the week's contests The United States claims six champions (and two champion relay teams); Finland five; Great Britain and Canada two; while South Africa, Ireland, France, Sweden and Japan one. In the struggle for world supremacy, the United States (as ever) can claim to be the Nation most successful, for on an unofficial points calculation the result plans out as follows:—

The scoring being 10, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 for first to sixth place respectively.

1.	United States	174
2.	Finland	103
3.	Great Britain	46
4.	Germany	44
5.	Sweden	43
6.	Canada	37
7.	France	27
8.	Japan	19
9.	South Africa	14
10.	Ireland	10
11.	Norway	7
12.	Chili	5
12.	Haiti	5
12.	Hungary	5
15.	Italy	4
16.	Switzerland	3
17.	Philippines	2
18.	Holland	1

As in 1924, 20 in 1928, the United States proved themselves predominant with Finland next and ourselves third. Germany entering the arena for the first time since the Great War deprived Sweden of fourth position—the position which she occupied at Paris, and though the Germans were disappointed that none of their runners were successful in winning an event, I think their disappointment was not really justified, for they gained nine places on the track and five in field events—an extremely good record.

Miss E. Catherwood, the beautiful Canadian girl athlete, who won the high jump final and created a world's record.

One of the main features of the games was the comparative failure of the American runners. Hitherto we have been so used to all the American runners (each country is allowed 4 men per event) featuring in the finals of the two sprints, that to find only two in the 100 metres and 1 in the 200 metres at Amsterdam, came upon us as something of a shock. In the two sprints America gained two fourths and one sixth place—a depressing record for a country which up to 1928 had only twice failed to take the 100 metres championship across the Atlantic and once the 200.

What was the reason of the failure in these two events? Were the American sprinters really class or not? Or did they meet men who were better not only on the day but really better?

Realising that one would always be inclined to exaggerate the prowess of the athletes one has oneself beaten, I still feel that the sprinters at Paris were definitely superior to those at Amsterdam. The fact that P. Williams, a young man of under 20, was able to land the double by winning both the 100 and 200 metres in itself suggests a lack of really first class performers—for not since 1912 has one man won both events. Young Williams is a great runner and one who can be improved a good deal, for his style at the finish certainly left much to be desired in polish. The American sprinter F. Wykoff, who returned 10.3 5 seconds four times in one afternoon in Boston Massachusetts at the American trials, could not show anything like that form; and again C. Borah, who ran 200 metres in 21 1 5 seconds, was beaten into third place at Amsterdam in the second round in 21 3 5 seconds, and by Konnig (Germany), who got no nearer than third in the final, won in 21 4 5 seconds. The

53 2/5 seconds a new Olympic record. The British Empire had an excellent series of successes, Great Britain gaining 2 victories, Canada 2, South Africa 1 and Ireland 1. Altogether Dominion and Home country athletes gained 20 places in track and 2 in field events. The little Indian contingent of 7 strong certainly looked one of the most attractive in the parade of 40 nations in the March past, but in athletic prowess there was no one who possessed any ability within yards and yards of Olympic class. One would have thought that India with its population of so many millions would be able to discover a score of athletes of outstanding ability. There must be a wealth of material available there must be material wealth with which to construct running tracks and employ coaches to mould this material.

The exhibition of the hockey team in the early part of the year filled with admiration all who witnessed their skill and prowess. They were certainly in a class by themselves. The athletes, too, were almost in a class by themselves, but a class which stands no chance in strenuous competition. I do not know on what principle and by what means this gallant little band was selected, but I cannot believe they were representative of the athletic strength of India. Let us hope that by the next Olympiad a formidable if compact section of Indian athletes will be present wherever the games are held.

The general arrangements at Amsterdam were good, but there is a lot of room for improvement. The programme spread out over eight days was excellent in parts, but rather tended to drag towards the end for the majority of the best events were over before the week was half through. Some drastic rearrangement is necessary and the International Amateur Athletic Federation the body controlling the athletic section—must be made to realise that a programme of a few events spread over a long time is not more attractive because it takes a long time. What one may term a sheltering presentation of events should be avoided. The general atmosphere was excellent and there were no "incidents" of any magnitude—in fact far fewer and less serious than what are encountered at an ordinary Saturday afternoon sports meeting in the Mother Country.

J. Wright (Jr.) who, in winning the third heat of the Single Sculls, created a new record—his time being 7 mins. 56 4-5th secs.

H. E. Sir MALCOLM HAILEY,
Formerly Governor of the Punjab, now Governor of the United Provinces

LA MODE FAIT LA FEMME

By— Mlle. Nagene

Written specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

Any woman who really cares for the texture of the skin—and, after all, it is one most vital consideration—should be wise about its care. There are a few simple rules which are essential. Every night the skin should be thoroughly cleansed with a good and not too costly expensive cleansing cream. This is one of the fundamental rules of every beauty treatment throughout the world. The make-up worn during the day and evening should be carefully and gently massaged away. There are any number of good creams for this purpose, and I know many smart women who carry a tiny jar of it in their purses for that refreshing moment after lunch when they repair the ravages of a luncheon party. All powder and rouge makes a much greater effect when the skin is perfectly cleansed. To apply them over make-up or upon a tired face is a serious mistake.

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The use of a good nourishing cream is, naturally, very important, and should be a habit; the last gesture before retiring, as a matter of fact. The cream should not be applied thickly—that is not necessary, but a thin film should remain so that during sleep the tissues may be restored and vitalized.

The treatment in the morning may take five minutes. First cleanse the skin with the cleansing cream. Then, with the massage or nourishing cream or oil gently massage the face. The movements must be always upwards and outwards. Begin by the jaw bone; with the thumb under and the first finger on the upper side. Start the movement at the middle of the chin, then rub gently outward towards the ear. The cream will be absorbed into the skin. For treatment of the eyes, be very certain to rub gently outwards over the eyelids, make a tiny circle at the corner and bring the finger back under the eye until you can pinch the bridge of the nose. All professional treatments give this method. Do it about twenty times, taking care to use a light touch. A circular motion, when done outwards, is beneficial. The central point is the chin, of course. Madame, do you begin to understand how to give yourself a real beauty treatment?

Sports accessories give the smartness to sports outfits. For tennis, the eye-shield is in favor; the large handkerchief scarf is always chic. With sports shoes the short socks are worn over the stockings and rolled at the ankle. Futuristic designs in bright colors are featured for Bags and Sweaters.

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A youthful neck is the loveliest feature, perhaps, that one can possess. The care of the neck is very simple. A very young woman should know the correct way to preserve its contour, the older woman how to preserve it against sagging muscles. The massage movement starts at the throat. Both hands should encircle the neck, moving towards the back, with the hands flat. This should be done at least twenty times every morning. The clothes we wear, as well as the jewels, and is it not extraordinary the numbers of pearl strings one wears? all tend to push toward, the weight of the fur collar, or almost any other collar, rests upon the back

of the neck. For this reason it is absolutely necessary to protect the slenderness of the column by the daily exercise I have given.

As to make-up, there is much advice to be given. For example, the brunette never uses the same [illegible] of powder as the blonde. [illegible] women spoil [illegible] the wrong powder. The [illegible] white powder [illegible]; only [illegible] could support its crudeness, and one would wish that the misguided one would lean towards the *naturelle* or [illegible] shades. As to rouge, for very dry skins the powder rouge is never a good thing for the skin; the cream is much better, and when softened by the powder is infinitely more lovely and [illegible].

For evening wear, when one will be subjected to artificial lights, the make-up will be quite different from that used in the daytime. There is a mauve powder which is very beautiful for evening wear. In the crude light of day it has a sickly tinge that seems too impossible, but under the electric light it softens and whitens the skin adorably and brings out the rouge of the cheeks.

As to the injudicious use of the lip-stick there is much to be said. Of course, the modern woman never appears without her lips well rouged, but here, again, discretion must govern the choice of shade. A blonde with a deep red is obviously ill-advised. The coral shades are much more brilliant. Many of the best lip-sticks are indelible and will last for many hours. In short, the make-up of the smart modern woman is a work of art and approaches as nearly as possible the natural beauty which she enhances with artifice, but never to the point of appearing artificial. Rather a large order, madame, but you know perfectly what I mean.

Among the compacts which Paris sponsors for the purse, there are charming combinations of powder, rouge and lip-stick, which are all contained in a thin enamelled or golden box. They are the last word in chic and so convenient! A certain shop in Paris is showing also very charming small combs, encased in a coloured leather case, to be used discreetly, of course, especially if the hair is bobbed. A flat mirror and the comb in its sheath, a narrow strap with a jewelled clasp—that is it, and all as thin [illegible].

Another source of preoccupation to madame, especially if the summer has been strenuous, is her hands. Some very wise ladies have kept them white and soft with lotion, but many others, perhaps, from laziness—oh, forgive me, gentle reader,—have neglected them. A good lotion, almost any one, should be used each time after washing the hands. If you would like to make your own, take equal parts of rose water and glycerine, mix them well and you have an excellent lotion. It all seems very simple, doesn't it, but one must be very thorough, friend Lady Beautiful.

The greatest here of all, perhaps, is the care of the nails. Ah, that daily manicure! Yet if one would do the nails every morning quite regularly, the result would be ravishing. Then, too, with some time bestowed upon them each day, the nails will require less time in the end.

If the nails are inclined to be brittle, hot olive oil will be found very beneficial. Soak the finger tips for ten minutes twice a week. This treatment keeps the cuticle soft and helps the nails quite incredibly. If there are ridges on the nails, they can be filed off with the fine side of the cardboard file. The amateur manicurist should never use the steel file. A splendid preparation to whiten the nails is now available everywhere. Instead of the old-fashioned cream bleach, there are short cords intended to be drawn under the nail when wet; they leave the nail cleansed and whitened, and, for the busy woman at any rate, are a time saver most precious.

As to polish, the liquid is satisfactory and lasting, but the deep red tone is not in the best taste; the pink, natural color is best. Powder polish, when used with a buffer, thins the nails and dries the cuticle. Some women use no polish at all, but they are rare.

So much for beauty. But in all departments of the [illegible] regularity is the only watchword. As the French say, "One must suffer in order to be beautiful."

The most effective astringent for the skin is cold water. Dash or spray it upon the face and neck as often as you like, madame. It keeps the tissues healthy and fresh and is much better than the tonic which one buys, for almost all have a base of alcohol, which stimulates but also dries the skin very badly.

If I have spoken at length about the care of the face and hands it is because the season is important, particularly when the ravages of the very hot weather require special remedies and one knows that a busy season is just ahead. Sunburn is to be avoided at all costs, you know, for the after effects are lasting and difficult to erase. Only the very young may indulge, and even then, it is not wise.

The vogue of white has strengthened and will be with us until the autumn proper. Among the modes which this season, so rich in innovations, has brought to the fore, is the revival of the white shoe. Kid is a favorite

Two Sports Dresses which show the modern trend of combining colors. On the left a soft Jersey jumper costume in beige, blue and brown. Geometric lines are chic. At the right, a knitted sweater with gold threads woven in. Bindings of plain color, and the popular monogram. Both Hats are very small.

Perhaps this item will make [illegible] among the gold." But you [illegible]

❀ ❀ ❀

A [illegible] glass of lemon juice [illegible] morning before you take [illegible] madame, will [illegible] essential to your [illegible] and an attack of your beauty.

❀ ❀ ❀

[illegible] very tired and [illegible] that quiet hour [illegible] dreaming for [illegible] that if you will [illegible] quite hot [illegible] be unbelievably [illegible]

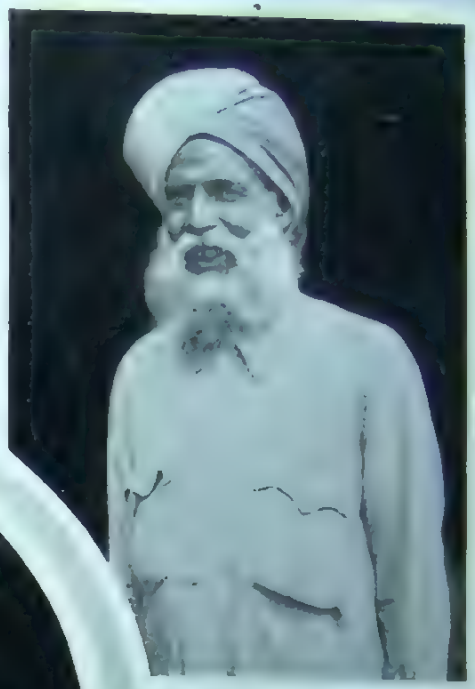
❀ ❀ ❀

[illegible]

Nagère.

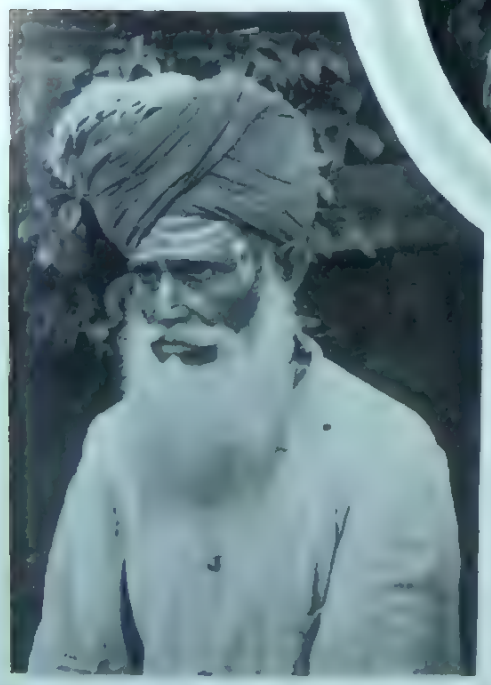
WOMEN OF THE HILLS AND MEN OF THE PUNJAB.

The Nepalese Ayah in pensive mood.

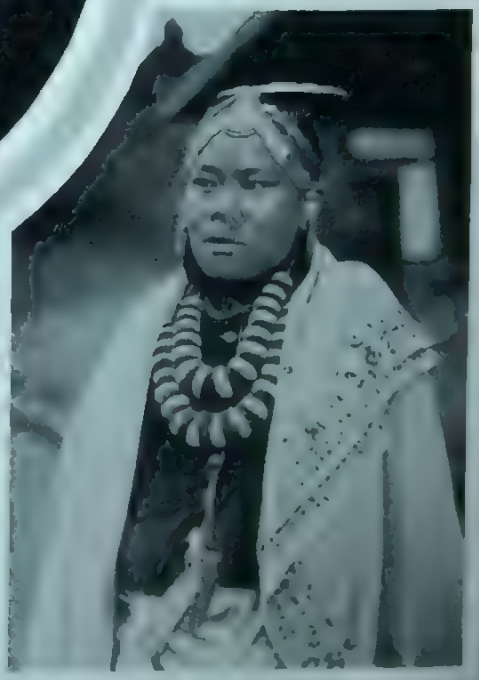


Mussalman of the Punjab—physically strong—mentally happy.

A popular vendor of popular wares.



The Punjabi Hindu—a class who make excellent durwans.



A village belle photographed on the way to Tibet.

Our Children's Corner

THE INDIAN ALPHABET.

by

THE MUNSHI.

Illustrated by

Mrs. L. L. STROVER.

A

H

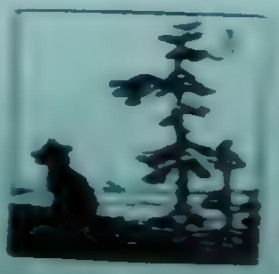
B

E

I

C

F



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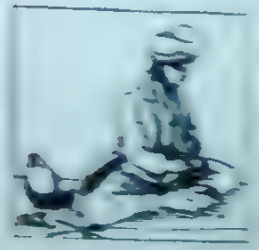

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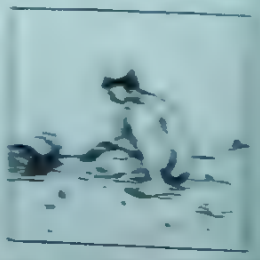
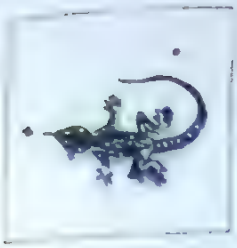
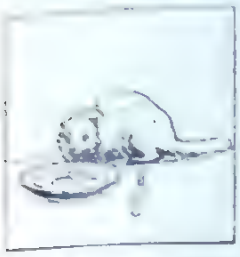


G

K



L is the LIZARD who sits on the wall
Catching flies with his tongue, without moving at all.



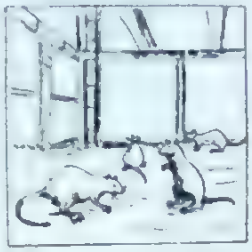
M is my MONGOOSE. He's always called "Rikki."
He loves eating jam but it makes him so sticky.

N is my NANNIE. I do love her so,
But I'm hoping that some day she'll stop saying "No."

O are the OWLS, with their funny round eyes,
They live in our "bagh," and look awfully wise.

P are the PORCUPINES, likewise the PIG
Who visit our compound each night for a dig.

Q is QUININE which I don't like a bit,
But I do like the jam which goes down after it

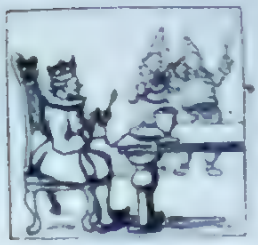


R are the RATS who inhabit the thatch,
All night you can hear them squeak, scamper and scratch.

S are the SQUIRRELS. How often I've tried
To catch one, but always they skip to one side.

T are the TATS in the Bunya's Tonga,
They don't get much food or they'd look rather stronger.

U is the UNT and I don't like the way
That he gurgles and burbles when chewing his hay.



V is the VICEROY. "It must be grand
To dine off gold plate to the strains of a band.

W stands for the WOODPECKER gay,
Who taps with his beak at the tree trunks all day.

X is His EX. the Commander-in-Chief
Of Military India, the "Army" in Brief.

Y is our YOKE of curly horned "bails;"
On watering days they walk hundreds of miles.

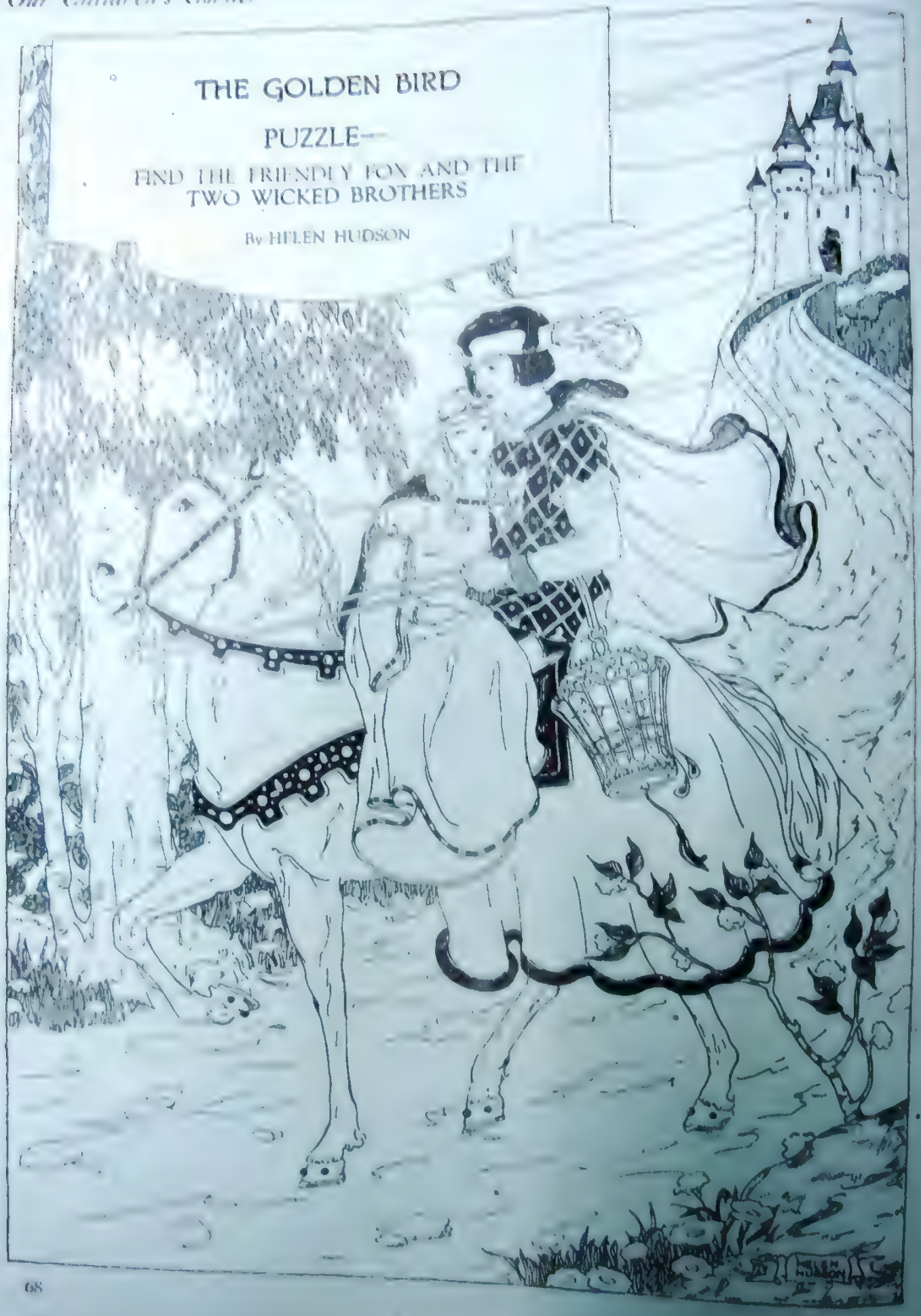
Z is a ZAMINDAR taking his ease,
While his wives and relations are weeding his peas!

THE GOLDEN BIRD

PUZZLE—

FIND THE FRIENDLY FOX AND THE TWO WICKED BROTHERS

By HELEN HUDSON



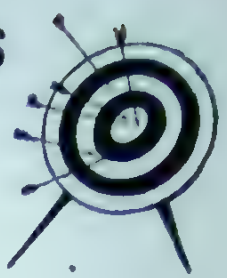
ITINERANT ENTERTAINERS.

The Bhalook Wallah.

The Bandar Wallah.

JUST COY

A Whole Page of Good Shots



"I'm going out," said the light as the lovers entered.

"We shall never meet," said the flapper's skirt to the dimpled knee.

"That means nothing to me," said the backer of the fourth horse.

The Operation

An old soldier had been run over by a motor car. An instant operation was imperative. On coming to, the patient noticed that although it was still daylight all the blinds were drawn.

He asked the reason.

"Feel all right?" asked the nurse.

"Right as rain," replied he. "But why are the blinds drawn?"

"Well," replied the nurse, "there's been a big fire across the road, and we thought that if you awoke too soon you might think the operation had been unsuccessful."

Innocent: "You should have seen the hands I held last night."
Catty: "In bridge, love or self-defence?"

Ignorance is Bliss

Mistakes are sometimes merely a matter of opinion, and excusable.

There was the fair co-ed at her first football match, and the young man with her explaining the points of the game.

"Why did they stop that man from running with the ball?" she inquired as the players piled on top of him. She was gently told that they did not want him to score a try, and she came with another question.

"But isn't the object of the game to make tries?"

"Yes, Helen," he explained, "but he was running toward the wrong goal. He's on the other side."

The fair Helen pouted: "Well, I can't see why they have to knock him down to tell him about it. Everybody makes mistakes."

The Blushing Bride

Then tell us of the blushing bride,
Who to the altar goes,
Down the centre of the church,
Between the friend-filled rows.

There's Billy, whom she motored with;
And George, of Naini Tal;
There's Jack, she used to golf with him;
And Ted, her Simla pal;

There's Dick, the Bombay man she know;
And Bob, of tennis days;
There's Monte; yes, and blonde Eugene,
Who had such ducky ways;

And Harry, too, the heavy-weight,
Whose arms used her to crush.
No wonder she's a blushing bride—
Ye gods, she ought to blush!

Burra Sahib to Lady Typist: "Are you doing anything on Sunday night, Miss Blank?"

Typist (hopefully): "No, not a thing."

Burra Sahib: "Then try to be at office earlier on Monday morning, will you."

AN ADVENTURE WITH A MUSTH WILD ELEPHANT

By F. W. CHAMPION, I.F.S.

Author of "With a Camera in Tiger-land"

DAWN, the usher of a new day's work and pleasure in the Indian jungle, arrived at least an hour ago. Normally we should already be up and about, but to-day we are luxuriating in that pleasure—or vice if you like—which we exiles call a "Europe morning," so we are lying in bed for an hour or two longer than is our usual custom. We are camped in an old thatched Forest Rest-house, built in the shadow of a great jungle-clad cliff and on the edge of a mountain stream, which continuously warbles a delightful melody as it rumbles and tumbles along its stony bed on its journey through the jungle to join Mother Ganga—perhaps twenty miles away, on the edge of the great forest which surrounds us.

The windows of our bedroom are wide open, and from every direction comes the morning anthem of the many shy, wild creatures who delight in these solitudes, where they are disturbed only by the occasional visit of a Forest Officer and his wife, both of whom have far too much sympathy with them to derive any pleasure whatever from attempting to steal the lives which they live with such obvious zest. A few yards away a magpie-robin, that delightful pied songster of the East, is serenading us from his perch on a *kusam* tree, and tempts us to believe that his song is, in truth, a pæan of appreciation of the beautiful red colour of the newly-formed leaves surrounding him. Across the stream a number of

On the cliff above a gurul is standing.

peafowl are mewing like cats that are disagreeing among themselves, and from above the [illegible] come the piercing screams of one or two kites, that appeared from apparently nowhere as soon as our camp arrived the day before.

On the cliff above, not a hundred yards away, a gurul is standing, revelling in the warmth of the newly risen sun as he looks nervously down from his dizzy perch at the signs of the presence of man below him. He need not fear: we are still in bed, and in any case we would not shoot him—easy mark though he is—unless we were desperately pressed for meat, which is not the case at the moment. A jungle-fowl has been shouting reveillé in vain for at least an hour, and we are thinking of those lines of Shakespeare—

"*The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,*
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat,
Awake the god of day"

when our meditations are [illegible] disturbed by a sharp rap [illegible] the door of our bedroom. [illegible] too pleased at this intrusion of our lazy enjoyment of a [illegible] morning, we enquire sharply as to what is the matter. The answer, given in the gruff voice of Karim Baksh, our head mahout, at once drives all laziness and annoyance away and we are out of bed in a flash hastily donning our simple jungle attire. The cause of this sudden activity is the report of the mahout, which is to the effect that a herd of wild elephants is feeding in the open forest below the hills a mile or two away; that the light is good; and that the

[illegible] an excellent oppor[illegible] to [illegible] some interesting [illegible]

[illegible] minutes have pa[illegible] before we are dressed and [illegible] Balmati, that placid [illegible] elephant that has carried [illegible] hundred mile[illegible] beloved [illegible] that has so often helped u[illegible] photograph [illegible] would [illegible] have [illegible] wall which border[illegible] bungalow compound a small [illegible] a pair of [illegible]ingly intelli[illegible] pop up [illegible] striped squi[illegible] companion [illegible] town and [illegible]gle, subject [illegible] careful scrutiny [illegible] he wonders what [illegible]ing us to leave [illegible] such a hurry. A [illegible]ment afterwards [illegible] are buried in the depth of the jungle as we advance rapidly towards the spot where our quarry was located a short time before. Even though our thoughts are naturally centred on the prospect of the coming encounter with the most magnificent animal of the East, we cannot help pausing to admire the beauty of the scenery, familiar though it be to us. All around are trees of numerous different colours and shapes. Here a *dhak*, that "Flame of the Forest," which, in mass, is possibly the world's most striking flowering tree; there a *shisam*, covered with its leafy vesture of most vivid green; at intervals a giant *simal*, towering above its neighbours and decked with scarlet blossom, which will later carpet the jungle floor with soft downy film of velvet. Truly, the whole effect is such as to make us capture the spirit of Browning, when he penned those beautiful lines—

"Round us the wild creatures, overhead the trees,
Underfoot the moss-track—live and love with these."

But we must push on as it is already getting late, and wild elephants are so intolerant of the heat of even the March sun that they will soon depart to the dark cool depths of the forest, where white cotton; beneath, a luscious crop of *dhoob* grass so beloved of half-starved village cattle and wild deer alike; and above all, the wonderfully blue dome of the spring sky, which has not yet taken on the brazen copper tint of the hot weather. In the distance we can hear a chorus of alarm cries of chital which tell us that a leopard is on the prowl, and a few yards to one side, standing half in the shade, is a fine chital stag, whose graceful horns are still covered with their

We see a young elephant standing all by himself.

photography is quite impossible. A little later we come upon signs of the herd, for the jungle floor is littered with the débris of bamboos and broken branches of trees. Here a fine young *sal* tree has been snapped off a foot or two above the ground and portions of the juicy bark have been prized off with a mighty tusk in order to form a delectable tid-bit, despite the fact that the obtaining of such a mouthful has involved the complete destruction of what might, in time, have become a very valuable tree; there a flourishing bamboo clump has been pushed bodily over, and its roots are now standing up in the air, announcing to all that the clump can live no more. But what does this wholesale destruction matter to the elephants? Are they not the lords of the jungle, whose forefathers have fed in this wasteful manner for untold ages, and yet the forest still survives? But, if only they knew it, conditions have changed. In the old days men were few and the jungles were vast, so that the destruction of a few trees and bamboos was of no account; but now most of the forests have been ruined by mankind and it is the duty of the Forest Officers to preserve what little remains. So we notice these signs of destruction with dismay, for we know that there are some amongst us who regard wild elephants as a constant source of damage to the forests in their charge and we fear lest some day the hat be issued for their annihilation in the interests of forestry. Even as these

Fully mature male of great proportions in the dense jungle

The great beast lifts one foreleg and charges straight at us.

An Adventure with a Musth Wild Elephant

wife thinks of our little daughter and what will happen to her after we have gone, whereas Karim, on the spur of the moment and as the result of a lifetime spent among tame elephants, shouts out, "*Hat jao; piche*" ("Get out; go back.") This is probably the worst thing to do, as the moment the great beast hears a human voice his worst suspicions are confirmed, and he knows for certain that that hated creature, man, has come to interfere with him and his family. A moment later, however, Karim covers his initial mistake by firing one barrel of a 12-bore shot-gun—our only weapon—just over the monster's head. Nothing daunted, the great beast lifts one foreleg as I expose my last plate and charges straight at us, looking for all the world like a great lumbering motor-omnibus bearing down upon us. It seems that nothing can save us, and we are holding our breath for the shock of the impact, which will surely knock us and our mount over just like nine-pins, when Karim providentially fires his second barrel at a few feet range, with the result that the tusker swerves and crashes past at a distance of only a yard or two on one side of a small *rohini* tree, while Balmati turns and flees for her life on the other. We continue our flight, fully routed, for a hundred yards or so, expecting the huge beast to follow and make more certain of his second charge, when we realise that he is not pursuing us. By the mercy of God we have escaped, thoroughly scared, but with no more damage than the loss of my topee and the valuable lens out of the reflex-camera. When the mahout at last manages to stop his terrified steed we hear a shrill trumpeting, and, turning round, we see that the herd has gathered together and is even now departing at a rapid pace to some distant jungle far away from the risk of further interference by man.

A striped squirrel subjects us to a careful scrutiny.

We [illegible] breathe a deep sigh [illegible] and, retracing our [illegible] in recovering both [illegible] also the lens, which, [illegible] fortune, has fallen [illegible] of dense grass and [illegible] injured. We have had [illegible] escape, indeed, so [illegible] that we have had quite [illegible] excitement for one day. [illegible] back to our camp. We [illegible] that silent on the return journey, for we realise what a very different ending our [illegible] might easily have had. [illegible] I register a vow that if ever I have the courage to face a *musth*, wild elephant again—which I doubt—I certainly shall not allow my wife to accompany me!

The same evening we develop the exposures we have made, and although several have been spoilt by the shaking of Balmati in her excitement, some two or three are fairly satisfactory and will remain to us as far more valuable trophies than would be the tusks if we had killed this magnificent elephant, which had every justification in showing annoyance and which charged us only in defence of his family.

Ambition is a stimulating little quality that prompts one to want anything they haven't so far been able to possess.

The fault you detect in another is usually a trait of your own.

It takes a whole lifetime to learn of the things you could have done without.

Most people think they are missing a lot by exaggerating what they might have had.

The only three words that count in this competitive age are: "I did it."

By carefully weeding the mind you'll probably strengthen the muscle.

With Beauty Nature gives a guarantee . . . against loneliness.

Logic seldom ties a knot that impulse cannot undo.

The chief shortcoming of most married people is an inability to act as well bred toward each other as though they were not married.

H. H. THE RANI OF MANDI

H. H. The Rani Sahib of Mandi is the daughter of H. H. The Maharaja of Kapurthala and was married in 1924

Sports Searchlight

By E. H. D. SEWELL

Madras Racing Prospects

Arrangements for the forthcoming Madras Racing Season are in the capable hands of Major H. H. A. Hildebrand, Secretary of the Madras Club, and the season, which opens on December 1st, promises well. There will be in all nineteen days racing, divided into a first extra meeting, a winter meeting, a spring meeting, and a summer meeting. The stake money totals just under three and-a-half lakhs beside cups to the value of nearly fourteen thousand rupees. The Governor's Cup, the blue riband of Madras racing, will be run on New Year's Day, while the other star events are the Stewards' Cup, the Trades Cup and the Merchants' Cup. A good season's sport is confidently anticipated.

Cricketer Governors: Their Excellencies Sir Leslie Wilson and Sir Stanley Jackson watching a match at Ganeshkhind.

Golf Optimism

The latest description of an optimist is the golfer who commenced a round on "B" links at Tollygunge with only eleven balls in his bag.

Two Thirties!!

Quite apart from running into a really tough side (the Cheshires) the Bombay Rugger team, when winning the Poona Cup at Poona, had to toil longer than was expected.

"Suppose it's two twenty-fives?" said Bombay's skipper to the Irish international, Major J. C. Dowse, who was guardian of the whistle.

"No, always thirties in the final" said the referee.

"Just as well my chaps didn't hear this," observed Hopkins, when telling the story, "as with the thermometer then at 89° there'd have been mutiny: so they started thinking they were having the usual twenty-fives." Captain and diplomat!

It has often been contended that thirty minutes is too long for forwards in this country.

Stragglers of Asia

The stragglers of Asia is the cognomen under which a team of cricketers composed of players at home on leave has been having a successful season. The Club has been in existence some years and, whilst its members are mainly recruited from the services or business in India, includes players from Ceylon and the Straits. Amongst the team which played in a recent match are the names of Hosie, Lagden, Leslie, Goward Bignell, Lee and Aste. Aste and Leslie, both Ballygunge players, have had a particularly good season with this team. Another cricket club which keeps the flag flying in London club cricket is the Indian Gymkhana. Nasir Ali, who so favourably impressed A. E. R. Gilligan when he brought the last M.C.C. side to India, is qualifying through this club for Sussex.

Generous Indeed

The National Playing Fields Association (England) has received from an anonymous donor, the munificent gift of £10,000 to be used for the provision of playing fields.

A Double Event

A reader writes from Kashmir informing us of his unusual experience of landing two fish at a time, on one hook.

A small fish seized the artificial fly bait and as it was being landed a 2½ lb. trout went for it and both were successfully got ashore, the larger fish maintaining its hold on the smaller.

Bravo Jai

His Excellency Sir Stanley Jackson whilst a guest of His Excellency Sir Leslie Wilson at Government House, Ganeshkhind, last month, had the pleasure of seeing that capable batsman L. P. Jai score a century.

Jai is possessed of keen eye and timely footwork and a variety of scoring strokes which many overseas cricketers would welcome.

Most good batsmen have some particular weakness and in the case of Jai it is that he does not force the short ball for runs in the way a player of his calibre in other respects should do.

The "Tote" in England

Reports from London state that Lord Ellesmere and Lord Dalzell will represent the Jockey Club on the Race-course Betting Control Board which is to supervise the introduction of the totalisator on English race-courses.

Throughout its reign the Jockey Club has hitherto kept aloof from the betting aspect of racing and it is to be hoped that this departure from traditional usage will not affect the prestige of a body whose conduct of racing has earned the unqualified respect and admiration of all who have the true interests of the sport at heart.

L. P. Jai, who scored a Century.

Calcutta Clubs

No Rugger League was run in Calcutta in August on account of the All-India Tournament being held this month. There have, however, been regular and spirited games on the Calcutta and Police grounds, which have provided some interesting fare. The surprise of the month's work was the rapid improvement of the United Services' side, who gained an unexpected victory over Calcutta. Macdonald, the old Fettes captain, has been the main stay of the Scottish side, which, with the exception of Bissett and McLeod, is practically a new combination.

Calcutta have a steady record, and by virtue of their experience, if nothing else, are a formidable team. The Griffins have tailed off badly, particularly since the illness of their captain, Smith, an Oxford Blue. The two Regimental teams, the D. C. L. I and the 52nd L. I., lack experience, but will develop into good, useful sides, and the B.-N. Rly. team have probably the best pair of club halves in the Presidency.

England vs. Scotland

England *versus* Scotland furnished one of the best games of the season. The score of six points to nil in favour of the Scotsmen hardly respresents the margin of superiority displayed by the northerners, who had their opponents beaten both inside and outside the scrum. The going was heavy (in keeping, in fact, with the best traditions of Calcutta rugger) and a consequently greasy ball made things difficult for the back divisions of both sides. It was here that the difference between the two teams was most marked. Macdonald and McInnes kept their line well fed and constantly on the attack. The Calcutta selectors might do very much worse than make this pair of halves their first choice when picking their team for the All-India Tournament. The English backs tried hard enough but were obviously outclassed, and had it not been for the sterling defence put up by Ransford, their full-back, the score must have been larger.

ENGLAND vs. SCOTLAND

Played at Calcutta on Saturday, 25th August and resulting in a win for Scotland by six points to nil.

SCOTLAND

Standing: Ellis (Touch judge), Macdonald, Arthur, Duncan, Harris, Anderson, Herriott, Mackenzie, McInnes, Taylor and Major Deedes (Touch judge).

Sitting: Donald, Bissett, Officer (Captain), Corsan, Gordon and Hills

ENGLAND:

Standing: Knowles, Ransford, Ridsdale, Swales, Bywater, Patterson Fox, Sawday, Grossman and Phillips.

Sitting: Johnstone, Herbert, Pryor, Battye (Captain), Cook and Stanton

THE BOMBAY TOURNAMENT

Bombay

Bombay has a fine Rugger tradition and the tournament last month was the occasion for a number of keen, hard games. Bombay Gymkhana, who have as good a side as they have had for many years won the Cup for the first time since 1893 and if they can take the same XV to Calcutta it will be a very good team which will beat them in the All-India Tournament.

On the qualifying rounds, the game on Saturday, 18th, produced the best exhibition of Rugger up to that point seen in the Tournament. The Loyal Regiment from Secunderabad, and the Bombay Gymkhana "A," aided by a sunny day and dry ball, gave a fast, open exhibition resulting in a win for the latter by 28 points to 0. As on Tuesday, Bombay started slowly, and the zeal and fitness of the soldiers gave them a dangerous appearance. Hopkins, however, turned the balance decisively with a fine solo run, ending in a 5 point score, and from that moment Bombay never looked back.

Poona R.F.C. and the Cheshire Regiment provided a terrific struggle on the second Monday night, both sides relying chiefly on their forwards as a means both of attack and defence. Poona had several good players in their back division, Burke, Jackson and Langlands to mention only three, and these playing behind a reliable pack should have been given more opportunities.

The deciding factor was, however, the forwards, and the Cheshires proving unable to hold their weighty opponents, were finally defeated by 18—10, after extra time.

Volunteers off Colour

The P.W.V.'s gave a very uninspiring show when qualifying to meet Poona R.F.C. in the semi-final round, and were considered fortunate in beating the Sappers by 6—0. There are, it is said, thirteen out of fifteen of last year's All-India, winning team in the Prince of Wales' team, but the difference in their standard of play is most remarkable. Their captain, Liddersdale Palmer, shows just as much ingenuity and energy as of old and McQuade is as slippery a customer as ever, but the rest of the side lacks all the pep which distinguished them last year.

Mackinlay at fly half, and Reed in the centre, were in fine form for the Sappers and with a little more support would certainly have scored.

Bombay Gymkhana "A," winners of the Bombay Tournament.

The Semi-Finals

Wednesday saw the Gymkhana "A" easily dispose of the West Yorkshire Regiment in the first of the semi-finals by 19—0. Bombay did not give quite such a sparkling display as on Saturday, though there were several really first class movements, in particular the combined backs and forwards efforts, which are becoming a feature of their play. The West Yorks put up a good hard fight, and never slackened till the very end, but their pack must have been nearly two stone a man lighter than the Bombay eight, and thus rarely got possession. Bramble has now developed into a really good hooker, and was very noticeable in this match, as also Elkins, the outside forward, and Jackson.

The second semi-final between Poona R.F.C. and the Prince of Wales' Volunteers was not productive of such good football, as Poona had apparently determined to outdo the P.W.V.'s at their own game, and keep the ball exclusively forward. The game resolved itself into a grim battle, from which three incidents alone strike one's memory: Else's brilliant run to score the winning try for Poona; Proes' gallant tackle which saved an almost certain equaliser; and the clever movement which enabled the P.W.V.'s to score their solitary try. Poona thus emerged victorious by the small margin of 5—3.

Bombay Win the Cup

Saturday, August 25th saw the final, and to the disappointment of the huge crowd which came to watch, the day was pouring wet throughout. It had been hoped that spectators would be treated to a three-quarters' game, but this was not to be, and the ball, being unhandleable after the first five minutes, was kept forward for the remainder of the game. But enough had occurred in those precious five minutes. A scrum in the Poona half, a well executed wheel by the Bombay pack, a fine dribble by Boyle, resulted in Trevor-Robinson putting the ball over the line for the only score of the match.

The rest was a ding-dong struggle between two good packs, with Bombay usually just on top. The backs did have one fine run, which almost resulted in a score, but Douglas was forced into touch by the corner flag.

Bombay thoroughly deserved their win. They fielded a side as strong as any obtainable in India and the many visitors to the tournament, though rivals, agreed that a good side and a good club regained its own Cup.

Come on, Steve!

Avoirdupois or rather the inconvenience of regulating it, is said to be the cause of Steve Donoghue's intention to cease riding from the close of this season, but his son Pat, an apprentice still in his teens, turns the scales heavier than his father. There may be no connection between Steve's decision and the offer to him by a promient owner in India to act as trainer-cum-importer.

Hockey Finance

The Indian Hockey Federation have issued a statement of accounts of the All-India Olympic Hockey Team whose triumphs in Europe are too well known to need repetition. At one time, however, it was feared that the venture would involve its sponsors in financial loss. Gate receipts in Europe did not come up to expectations and the interprovincial matches at Calcutta were not budgeted for in the original estimate of Rs. 40,000 That the enterprise should finish up with a credit balance of over Rs. 200 is most satisfactory. Major Ian Burn-Murdoch, the energetic President of the Federation, proposes that this should be reserved for future requirements, possibly in connection with the visit of a foreign team to India.

Golf Galleries

In response to an invitation from the Golfing Unions of the British Isles, the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews has published particulars of the receipts and expenditure of the Open and Amateur Golf Championships. The statement covers the period of 1920 to 1927 inclusive. In golfing circles it was generally assumed that there was a substantial annual surplus on the Open Championship, but in point of fact there was a deficit of £306. The Amateur Championship shows a total surplus for the eight years of £2,013.

The Tests

Next month's issue of "India Monthly Magazine" will contain a particularly interesting series of action photographs of England's team for the Australian Tour, and well informed reading matter concerning each player's cricketing qualities and failings. By the way, it is interesting to note that nine of the men chosen to defend The Ashes are making their first trip to Australia; four their second; two their third; and one his fifth. The last is Jack Hobbs.

TURF PERSONALITIES

(Continued from page 34)

[illegible] arranged the plan; no question of her going with them, the accommodation in Mr. Smith's bungalow was too limited. She knew the sort of [illegible] little quarters, just what she and George [illegible] to put up with [illegible].

[illegible] would be good for George to get away [illegible] hours [illegible] its existence. She knew that [illegible] like this [illegible] some had even intrigued to obtain it. She packed a generous supply of eatables, enough to stock young Smith's larder for the week following George's brief visit—the poor boy would enjoy the good things. And she saw the pair of them off with a measure of relief in her brave heart. Now she could think more freely, make up her mind what was to be done. Sometimes she almost decided that it would be best if George made a clean breast of the whole affair, accepting the consequences; then again, if time went on and nothing happened surely they might feel that the secret was safe?—but would George ever feel that it was safe—always the tomb would be there to remind him and rasp his nerves, and of course it couldn't be removed now!

She slept that afternoon, when her solitary midday meal was over; she was badly in need of undisturbed rest herself, and she awoke more or less refreshed. Oh! if only this horrible thing hadn't happened that cast its sinister shadow over their days and nights!

She sighed wearily as she drank her tea and turned over the pages of an illustrated weekly paper. They could afford papers now; she had ordered them to be sent out before she left England, but even such little pleasures had lost their savour. She put on her hat and wandered out; no, she wouldn't look in the direction of the tomb, and she turned deliberately in the opposite direction. . . . Here they could have a vegetable garden; there would be an excellent place for a new fowl house, the fowls were wretchedly housed at present; and the cows—plenty of room for a good dairy.

She strolled round to the back of the bungalow and had visions of an ice machine, electric fans, a thermantidote, all that would rob the next hot weather of its trials.

Then, blowing all her plans to pieces, came the devastating remembrance of the tomb, and poor George's state of mind, not to speak of her own. How could they ever enjoy anything again? Setting her teeth, she found herself marching in a sort of frenzy towards the tomb, she felt like beating the horrible old ruin with her stick; she meant to look at it, force herself to examine it at close quarters—why, she could not have told, and as she neared the spot she saw, in the slanting evening sunlight, something that made her stand still and gasp. A fakir was sitting cross-legged, Buddha-wise, beside the tomb. She crept behind a tree and stared, petrified, at the revolting object. The sight was so utterly unexpected, she could hardly believe that her eyes were not deceiving her. Was it a ghost!—the ghost of the creature that George had killed? Her reason rejected the notion, and a dread explanation supplanted it. Another fakir, of the same disgusting brand, had taken the place of his colleague; and perhaps he knew, with the uncanny intuition, perception, whatever it could be called of these beings, knew what lay within the tomb, and meant to sit there until the truth came out—drive them both mad, she and George, with the fear of exposure. She had heard enough about their persistence, how they could work upon the feelings, doggedly, silently, until they had achieved their purpose.

Weak, sickened with alarm and despair, she stole back to the house; the shock had been more than she felt she could endure with fortitude. For an hour she sat helplessly fighting with her fears, while dusk fell heavily; the half light seemed to be charged with some evil influence; she had to keep her hand on her mouth to prevent herself from screaming aloud. Somehow she got through the evening, managed to behave as usual before the servants, forced herself to eat the excellent little dinner provided by the cook, even went so far as to send the cook a complimentary message by Nathu, who hung about afterwards in the irritating fashion of native servants when they have anything to impart, always reluctant to go straight to the point. Nathu coughed and fidgeted, came in and out on unnecessary little doings, moving a chair, a lamp into a different position. . . . What was it he wanted to say; she dare not ask him!

At last he said something; she did not catch what until he repeated it. "Would the sahib be returning next morning or in the evening?"

The reaction was intolerable. "I do not know," she replied faintly. The man hesitated again. Then at last he spoke out.

"Because the fakir hath returned, and it is against the sahib's order, and the sahib will be angered. But it be a difficult matter for this slave. Maybe," he added doubtfully, "Hera Lal—" He broke off and she knew he was trying to say that Hera Lal would find the matter equally difficult.

"Is it the same fakir?" she asked; and went on hastily: "The sahib told me—"

"Huzoor, it is the same fakir," said Nathu, evidently surprised at the question. "During the

sahib's previous absence he did not come, now he hath returned." Nathu rubbed one foot against the other. "Concerning the tomb, maybe if the sahib would graciously permit the tomb to remain? It is said that a holy man, a *sanayasi*, lies buried there, but who knows? It is possible, were the fakir told that the tomb might remain, he would depart once more."

"You want me to persuade the sahib to leave the tomb standing?"

"Huzoor!" agreed Nathu, eagerly.

"Is the fakir sitting there now? Go and see. If he is, tell him—yes, you can tell him that if he will go away nothing shall be done to disturb the tomb."

As in a dream she heard Nathu put on his shoes in the verandah and clatter down the steps. She had little hope that the fakir would take himself off. The same fakir,—of course Nathu had taken it for granted that it was the same, they all looked much alike, that kind. Then, with a qualm, she wondered if Nathu would notice any difference! She had forgotten about the scar! George had said something about a scar on the dead fakir's forehead, an old deep scar. . . . It seemed hours before Nathu came back; came back, smiling, complacent.

"It is well," he reported pompously. "The holy one was there, he said no word, being of those who take the vow of silence, but when I, Nathu, told him with all civility that the tomb should remain untouched, did he rise and go forth in peace. Now, without doubt, we shall see him no more."

For the time being Leta Lamont breathed again, but she felt puzzled, mystified; and all that night she lay thinking deeply, going over in her mind the things that she had heard and read about psychic powers these strange ascetics were supposed to possess. At one time, more from curiosity than interest, she had read a good deal on the subject but the study had left her cold: to her practical mind it seemed nonsense. Now she endeavoured to recollect all she had read and been told; it did not take her much further, only she did begin to wonder—was it possible?—could there be just the chance?

Next day, when George returned, she decided to say nothing to him, for the moment, of what had happened during his absence. He seemed brighter, less depressed, and was full of the schemes he and young Smith had been working for the improvement of the property; moreover, the boundary trouble had been settled satisfactorily. But when, later in the day, they went out for their evening stroll, she saw him glance nervously in the direction of the tomb, and turn away.

Then she felt it was time to speak, to tell him of the idea that had become almost a certainty in her mind if only there was proof, if only she could convince him that her theory was right!

"George," she began.

He started. (How jumpy he still was, poor darling.)

"What?" he asked, abruptly.

"George, I feel quite sure you dreamt you had killed the fakir!"

"I dreamt? Leta, how can you be so silly. I only wish to God I had dreamt it!"

"Last evening—listen, last evening I saw the fakir myself, he was sitting by the tomb."

"My dear girl, the whole blasted thing has got on your nerves as it has on mine. You couldn't have seen him. Another of the brutes must have come to take the place of the one I—the one I—" He swallowed the word on his tongue.

"That's just what I thought had happened, but Nathu saw him. Nathu said it was the same fakir, and that the creature would go away if I promised that the tomb shouldn't be touched."

He heard her quietly describe what had passed, told him how she had arrived at her belief; but at the end of it all he sighed and looked incredulous.

"Too good to be true," he said, hopelessly.

"Well, ask Nathu," she urged. "Nathu hadn't any doubt that it was the same."

"It wouldn't have occurred to him that it wasn't," he argued. "And I can't suggest to him that he was mistaken. Now, can I?"

It certainly would seem unwise, but she felt so certain, so positive, that she was right—it was worth the risk—there was no risk—

"I suppose," he went on, a note of derision in his voice, "you didn't think of asking Nathu whether the fakir had a deep scar across his forehead?"

"No, I didn't," she admitted ruefully. "I only remembered about the scar afterwards. But I will ask him."

"No, no, leave it. For goodness don't put the least doubt into his head, it might lead to anything."

Drops of sweat had broken out on his temples; he sat down on a tree stump, shaking.

She laid a soothing hand on his shoulder. "Very well, dear, I won't. But do try to believe me. I tell you nothing will happen, unless it's to convince you beyond doubt. Now, just think for a moment. You weren't well to begin with, you had fever coming on, you were irritated by the fakir and the tomb in a way that you wouldn't have been irritated had you been quite yourself. You went to bed to sleep with a fixed idea in your mind, and, though it might seem impossible to some people, I firmly believe the fakir used his powers to make you dream you had killed him, in order that you should be forced to leave the tomb undisturbed—"

George shook his head impatiently. "All that stuff you used to read about," he interrupted. "What sane person believes in it!"

"Who can prove that there's nothing in it? I ask you—is it likely that the watchman and the peon should have deserted their posts the very night before you were going away? and have you ever known the servants to make no sound of any

[illegible] Have you ever known the village dogs to stop barking [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] if the [illegible] I ask [illegible]

[illegible]

in his wake, [illegible] hangers-on of every description. Something had [illegible] Lamont went out on to the veranda.

[illegible]

there, stretched lifeless in front of the tomb, they found the ash-smeared body of a fakir, a bit of [illegible]

* * * * *

The tomb in the compound is still standing. I saw it myself when I last stayed with my friends, the Lamonts, at Kademka, last year.

They told me the whole story; it all happened a long time ago, but George Lamont still maintained that fever had been at the bottom of that dreadful dream. Nothing would persuade him to agree with Mrs. Lamont and myself that the fakir had caused the dream in order to preserve the tomb, but what did it matter? Kademka is prospering prodigiously, the Lamonts are happy, they look forward to a comfortable retirement before long. But will they ever forget the tomb in the compound? Not likely!

THE END.

Reviewed by MARY HUNTINGTON

(Written monthly for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.")

[illegible] Mr. [illegible] presents his subject at all times in a favorable light, there is a lack of material concerning the possible next president which has been hitherto unpublished.

SOME CIRCUITS. By [illegible]. New York: [illegible] & Co. $2. All those who are familiar with Mr. [illegible]'s manner of being funny will surely welcome another volume from his versatile pen. "Some Circuits" does not measure up to "Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy," for example, and there are long stretches in which the reader looks in vain for the bubbling laughter he expects. After all, the role of being a humorist at all costs must be somewhat difficult to sustain. The book will bring many a twinkle to the eye, however, and there are bits that

LUIGI PIRANDELLO whose Two Volume Novel "The Old and the Young" is a Dutton Book.

linger pleasantly long after one has closed the book.

SPOKESMEN. MODERN WRITERS AND AMERICAN LIFE. By T. K. WHIPPLE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50. One of the most delightful lines in this book reads: "Again and again, in reading books by Americans, one is amazed to find how much can be done with how little." Mr. Whipple's work concerns such writers as Henry Adams, Dreiser, Robert Frost, Eugene O'Neill, Sandburg, and should prove absorbing to those interested in American letters.

AMERICAN YEAR BOOK. A RECORD OF EVENTS AND PROGRESS. YEAR 1927. Edited by ALBERT BUSHNELL HART. [illegible] City: Doubleday, Doran. [illegible] interesting as well as an [illegible]le record of the events of the year 1927, the scope it covers being surprisingly broad. Included in this compilation are international relations, business and industry, science, and the humanities as well as government. The "American Year Book" is a reference book of importance.

An original conception of Dan Streeter, author of "Camels" and "Dense and Africa."

WHAT WOMEN [illegible] By FLORENCE RIDDELL. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.00. In spite of the title which nevertheless explains at least one woman's disenchantment, the novel is entertaining and is helped by some scenes quite beautifully drawn, of the African jungle. It is the tale of one Dickie Bannister who, handsome and slightly foppish, espouses a woman older than himself—a woman explorer—only to become

entangled with Miss Avondale, a modern exotic.

CAPTAIN JACK: HIS STORY, AS TOLD TO HENRY OUTERBRIDGE. New York: The Century Company. $2.00. When an "incredible super-sleuth" begins to unveil his activities in the United States Secret Service, one may be assured of some exciting dis[illegible]es. Something does hap[illegible] every moment and always "Captain Jack" is the central [illegible] of hair-raising adventures [illegible]g about twenty years as [illegible] many countries—the Phil[illegible], China, Mexico, Nicaragua [illegible]ope.

[illegible] THE BEGINNING. By [illegible]MAN DOUGLAS. New York: The John Day Company. Delightfully reminiscent of Anatole France, Cabell or Voltaire, "In the Beginning" frolics naughtily into the literary world to stimulate the jaded spirits of the tired book-worm. As colorful as satirical, imaginative fiction could be.

BOOK NOTES FROM PARIS.

In France, as in America, the return to popularity of the biography is extremely marked. One finds, among the new works, some fascinating subjects. These are treated in the modern manner, although it is problematical whether or not the authors have introduced much new material.

M. Louis Barthou, a member of the French Academy, tells the "Vie Amoureuse" of Richard Wagner.

Books for All Moods

M. Maurice Donnay also an Academician, has chosen—indeed, he reveals in some finely written prose—the life of de Musset.

The Duc de la Force undertakes something new about the "Grande Mademoiselle," while M. Franc-Nohain writes very fully upon the love life of Jean de la Fontaine, whose fables remain verdantly fresh.

M. Rene Fauchois has done an admirable "Vie d'Amour de Beethoven." Indeed, this biography is most beautifully told, for M. Rene Fauchois is a poet. The tormented, twisted life of Beethoven is lifted into a realm of grandeur which ranks among recent French literary achievements.

SKETCHES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

Taken Specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE"

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1. The Gateway of Hosseiniyeh
2. The Entrance to Persia
3. Girl Dervish Sellers at Damascus
4. A Jew near the Tabernacle
5. Washing day at a village in Anatolia
6. Central Persian Gentlemen
7. Ruins of Baalbeck, Syria
8. A Street in Jerusalem
9. Tabor and Cliff of the Holy Cave

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The Double Tryst

(Continued from page 52.)

to help me. Dusk overtook me. The moon got up, and we grew tired. Then your house blazoned its lights across the moor, and I came in."

They watched her with odd homage and astonishment. No man spoke as yet, because words were meaningless.

"Derwentwater has gone, and Widdrington. We cannot save them. But the gentry there at Blackshaw Rigg—they're with us yet. Some are marked for execution, the rest for prison. Can we leave them to it?"

Lorrimer spoke now. He seemed to be in his cups again. The merriment in his voice, the light in his eyes, jarred on the mood of high expectancy that had captured all his fellows.

"Six of us against a company of troopers and a house sentried everywhere—I always relished long odds. Ponsonby, you know my love of odds? There was a horse named Jaimie Stuart ran a week since—a rank outsider—and I backed him heavily. That's why I'm here to-day. I liked the name, and he won. I paid my creditors."

"Oh, be dammed to you, Guy," snapped Ponsonby. "We're sober now."

"Sober, to tackle a company of dragoons, because a lady pleads? We're drunk, my lads—and we ride to Blackshaw Rigg."

Nance's restlessness increased, now that their will to serve her showed so plainly. She must take quick advantage of their mood, lest they repented.

"There are seven of us," she said sharply, "and we shall need as many horses. My own mare is too tired to carry me."

* * * *

A half hour later they were out on the moorland track, a silent cavalcade threading a silent, moonlit wilderness. Nance and Lorrimer rode together, a little ahead of the rest, and the man was tortured by the medley of his warring impulses.

The moonlight lay like day on rise and hollow. It was a night borrowed by November from warm April, and little odours were abroad, of bog and heath and wayside coppice, that stirred the pulse of old romance. Still silent, they came to a branching of the roads, with a derelict farm at the corner.

"How far?" she asked, with gusty petulance.

Lorrimer was startled. The question, abrupt and practical, shattered the dream he nursed. If she had been free—if he could open his random heart, once for all, and tell her what she meant. He shook fancies off, and pointed to a belt of firs, dark against a patch of sky.

"Blackshaw Rigg lies there. We've only a little way to go."

For a mile further they rode in silence, broken again by Nance. "Have you a plan?" she asked impatiently. "My husband lies there, wounded, and many gentry with him. And there are seven of us, against a company of Dragoons."

Lorrimer had not known how surely, through this storm of grief and wayward fancies, he had been planning all the while. Something Nance had said, of Derwentwater and the tempestuous love he claimed from Lancashire, had been busy with him, and now, as they reached another branching of the roads, he checked his horse.

"Ponsonby," he said, as the others reined up in turn, "I've a journey to take. Will you five stay on the road here with our guest?"

They glanced at him with half-doubting question. Lorrimer spoke—coolly, almost indifferently—as if he had every detail of the enterprize in hand.

"What are you at, Guy?" asked Ponsonby gruffly.

"It is no long ride to Preston. I shall bring friends of mine to Blackshaw Rigg—in overwhelming numbers."

"Mad Lorrimer is riding the wind again," laughed young Will Stevens. "He has friends in the town, of course—but what could a handful do against an armed company? And would they ride on such a wild-goose chase?"

Lorrimer turned to Nance. "Your husband lies under the pine-wood there, wounded and a prisoner. There's only one hope of escape. Will you tell these chatterers that I lead?"

She was aware of the man's new power, his strange absorption in the venture—aware, too, of something she had not faintly guessed till now. Intuition thrives on hazard, and she knew that he rode, not for the Stuart, but for herself. It was dismaying—fine, with a selfless pathos of its own—but there was no time to dwell on that. Her whole heart was at Blackshaw, with her husband and his peril.

"You lead," she said—"and luck ride with you."

Lorrimer halted only to draw Ponsonby aside. "Take her no nearer Blackshaw. Our friends from the town may be a rabble by and by. If the time seems long, tell her my word is pledged to bring her husband to this place."

"Are you fey, Lorrimer?"

"Likely as not. I see far at times."

With that he rode out, by rutty tracks, till presently he came into a better highway. Soon he was on the outskirts of Preston Town, with a nipping sea-wind to brace his pluck. The moonlight, keen and eager, showed him a little knot of men, talking together of their lost idol Derwentwater.

Guy Lorrimer halted for a moment. "Friends," he said, "follow me to the Market-place."

With that he rode forward, into busier haunts. Everywhere the townsfolk were abroad, talking of Derwentwater. Their loathing of the usurping army was bitter, a thing to be played with by a skilled tongue.

(Continued on page 94.)

A peaceful corner in the Ootacamund Gardens.

The Double Tryst

(Continued from page 92.)

"Room for a Derwentwater man," he kept crying, as he pushed his way through the crowded Market-Square.

The crowd was agog on the instant, ready to take fire. All that evening they had waited for some outlet to their passions. No soldiers were within the town. General Wills knew Preston's temper far too well to risk collisions, and only a distant hum of revelry from the camp outside the town bore witness to the presence of the armies.

"I need you," cried Lorrimer—"need every able-bodied man in Preston to follow where I lead. My Lord Derwentwater—ay, no wonder you grow quiet, for we're all mourners here—Derwentwater has gone the long road to Tower Hill. He'll never ride again through Preston Streets. I hear women sobbing. Tears are his due. The men here would shed them if their manhood dared."

Lorrimer did not know himself. The fire of a single purpose kindled eloquence. Instinct had not erred when it brought him here into the townsfolk's midst. Already he had them at command.

"Derwentwater has gone. Shall we have no revenge?"

"Show us the road to it," came the blunt answer from a man in the forefront of the jostling crowd.

"There's a house up the moors known as Blackshaw Rigg. General Wills—"

A storm of execration drowned his voice.

"General Wills," he went on by and by, "feared you would rescue Derwentwater. Then he fancied lesser prisoners were not safe in Preston. They lie at Blackshaw, with only a company of troopers for guard. Shall we steal them, men of Preston? We are strong enough. Snatch what arms you can, and follow me."

They made a way for him. That was their silent answer. He rode through a lane beset on either hand by eager folk who fell grimly into step behind his horse. He had known it would be so. He was fey to-night, as Ponsonby had said. And something else he knew. What most men dreaded he was soon to meet; and its face had a strange comeliness, reminding him of Nance Wyllard and the draughty hall where he had met her first.

Meanwhile there was the stubborn joy of leadership, as they went up and up into the moor. The very silence of the men behind him augured well. They had not been lightly moved. Grim and taciturn, they asked only to be led straight to their goal. It was as if Derwentwater's spirit paced filmy up and down their lines, bidding them have faith in their new leader.

They came to a spur of rising ground, and Lorrimer called a halt while he dismounted and tethered his horse to a wayside gate.

"We're all foot-soldiers now, men of Preston," he said quietly; "and Blackshaw lies just over the hill. Are you ready?"

A slow, deep murmur answered him. The moonlight showed him a multitude of up-turned faces, ghostly against the swart background of the moor.

"We're ill-armed, but we out-number them over and over again. Trust to your numbers, not your weapons."

There, in the hollow under the hill, he planned it for them, with swift, amazing accuracy. The sentries would be dozing, likely, ripe with liquor and security. They took equal chances, all of them. The light was so clear that every man would be a target if one sentry happened to be sober and alert. As soon as they topped the hill, they must rush Blackshaw Rigg on all four sides. If a shot was fired, that was the signal—either a trooper's carbine, or his own pistol. Whichever weapon barked, they were to gather at the courtyard gate and go through at flood.

"Bear them down at close quarters. Are you ready?"

They crept up the hill, and out into the wide common that stretched to the gates of Blackshaw. One thing only marred Lorrimer's plan, quickly conceived and carried through with speed. The officer in command had been warned that Preston was hot for the Stuart, and especially for Derwentwater. He was prepared for an aftermath of the town's fury. Within doors and without the troopers were watchful and reasonably sober. The guard outside was at treble strength.

The sentries in front of Blackshaw saw a dark host come up in to the moonlight. Chilled and weary—half-soldiers at the best, like most of General Wills' rough levies—they took panic and fired point-blank into the advancing menace.

A man of Preston cried in anguish. Another sent up a gasping protest that he died for Derwentwater. Lorrimer paused for a moment. He had need to. Then his voice rang out.

"Into them, lads. Smother them by numbers."

The check served only to increase the mob's fury. He led them quickly across the strip of moonlit open, and the sentries, striving to reload, were trampled underfoot. In the doorway, when he reached it, Lorrimer encountered the officer in command, running out with a lifted pistol in his hand. A flick of his rapier knocked up the barrel, a quick thrust followed, and he was in the big hall, carried forward by the tempestuous weight of those behind.

The troopers hurrying from all quarters of the house had neither space nor time in which to use their carbines. There was a mad conflict, man grappling with man, till the mob's fury had its will. The broken remnants of what had been a company of Dragoons jostled each other in flight along the passages that led to doors opening on the heath behind.

Most of the Preston men followed them out into the open, mad for the chase; but enough remained to get to the true business of the night. They found the prisoners housed like beasts in barns and cattle-mows and draughty outbuildings. They

brought them into the courtyard; and when diligent search could find no more of Derwentwater's gentlemen, Guy Lorrimer asked one sharp question.

"Is Captain Wyllard here?"

A lean man, his face haggard in the moonlight, came stiffly to attention. "At your service."

"I have a tryst for you on a road not far from here. But, man, you're desperately wounded."

Humour stirred about Wyllard's bloodless lips. "Why, damn, so are you!"

"I had forgotten."

Lorrimer turned to the Preston men who thronged the roomy courtyard. They remembered [illegible] how gay his voice was, how easily he [illegible] them. He was like Derwentwater come back among his folk.

"Take these gentlemen indoors, and give them [illegible]. There'll be plenty, if I know the [illegible]. But hurry them. They need to get [illegible] moorland farms—loyal farms, where they [illegible] shelter till the storm goes by. Two armies [illegible] seeking them before dawn breaks."

A great aloofness came to him, a surrender that [illegible] quietly into peace. He turned to Wyllard with a courtesy heart-whole and complete.

"By your leave," he said, "we two have a tryst [illegible]."

On the moorland road beyond Blackshaw, the [illegible] men left to guard Nance Wyllard had no light task. The time dragged on intolerably, and she was wild to throw off this weary, dull inaction. But Ponsonby recalled Guy's warning that a mob might be abroad.

"When Lorrimer's fey," he snapped, "he rides in earnest. Trust him to keep faith."

"He lingers. My husband is no further off than the pine-wood there, and I must get to him."

They humoured her fretfulness, coerced it, and half persuaded her at last to endure the do-nothing silence. Then suddenly the night's emptiness was broken. A rattle of musketry came echoing over every rise and hollow of the moor. It woke cock-grouse from their lairs among the heather and sent them clacking out across the waste, their pinions black against the reddening sky.

The long shafts of crimson broadened up the heavens, spreading with fantastic speed. Ponsonby's first thought was that Blackshaw Rigg was ablaze, that Lorrimer and his friends from Preston had answered the musketry by an attack in force and fired the house. Then he remembered the Aurora, that had flamed with unwonted brilliance on more than one of these November nights.

"It is only the Northern Lights," he said, his right hand firm on Nance's bridle.

"I heard the Preston folk name them the Derwentwater Lights. They strode the sky, they said, to light him to what lay beyond Tower Hill and the axe. But what does Derwentwater matter now? We cannot save him."

She fell silent, and Ponsonby's grip of her rein relaxed. He fancied she was weary and submissive. It was the moment she had waited for. Before he could guess her purpose, she had flicked her horse with the whip and was riding, fast as the rutty track allowed, for Blackshaw Rigg.

The five pursued. Already in imagination Ponsonby could hear the roaring tumult of a mob gone mad. He had given his word to hold her safe, and she was riding into the worst of what a mob could do.

Then Nance drew rein, as suddenly as she had galloped forward. They almost over-rode her in their hot pursuit, and reined back, and watched with awed astonishment the end of Nance Wyllard's long ride from Northumberland.

She was out of saddle, running to greet two men who came slowly up the road. They moved slowly. It was not sure which was helping the other in their common weariness. The Aurora, flaming across red-gold moonlight, lit their steps.

They saw Nance come to her husband's side, saw his strength return as if by magic. It seemed long before she found time to think of Lorrimer.

"But for you, he'd not be here."

Lorrimer straightened himself. He made a lean, good figure of a man, saluting the best of this world and what followed.

"Madam," he said, whimsical and gay, "but for you, I should not be treading the way that Derwentwater goes. When we meet soon, I shall tell him how I found the lady of my life."

For a moment he stood at attention, then fell prone. And all across the moor was the flaming crimson of the Northern Lights.

THE END.

India Monthly Magazine's Directory of Schools in Gt. Britain

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